The Outlook

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Courage and Light

"IF that report represents the spirit of the churches to-day, I belong back in the ranks."

Such was the comment which we heard from one man who has been an habitual absentee from church services for a number of years. It was made after reading the report issued by the Federal Council of Churches on the status of prohibition enforcement in the United States.

The conclusions of this report were first published in The Outlook in our issue of September 9. The report has since appeared in more extended form in the daily press. We believe that the frank and courageous report of the Federal Council will be of greater assistance in the enforcement of the Prohibition Law than all the rosy-tinted conclusions of prohibition propagandists which have hitherto appeared. The report of the Federal Council faces the facts just as Mr. Mandeville faced the facts in his series on prohibition which appeared in The Outlook during the past year. By the facts prohibition must be judged, only through facts can the great social experiment be salvaged. It is a poor cause that cannot stand the light of truth.

Three Answers Wanted

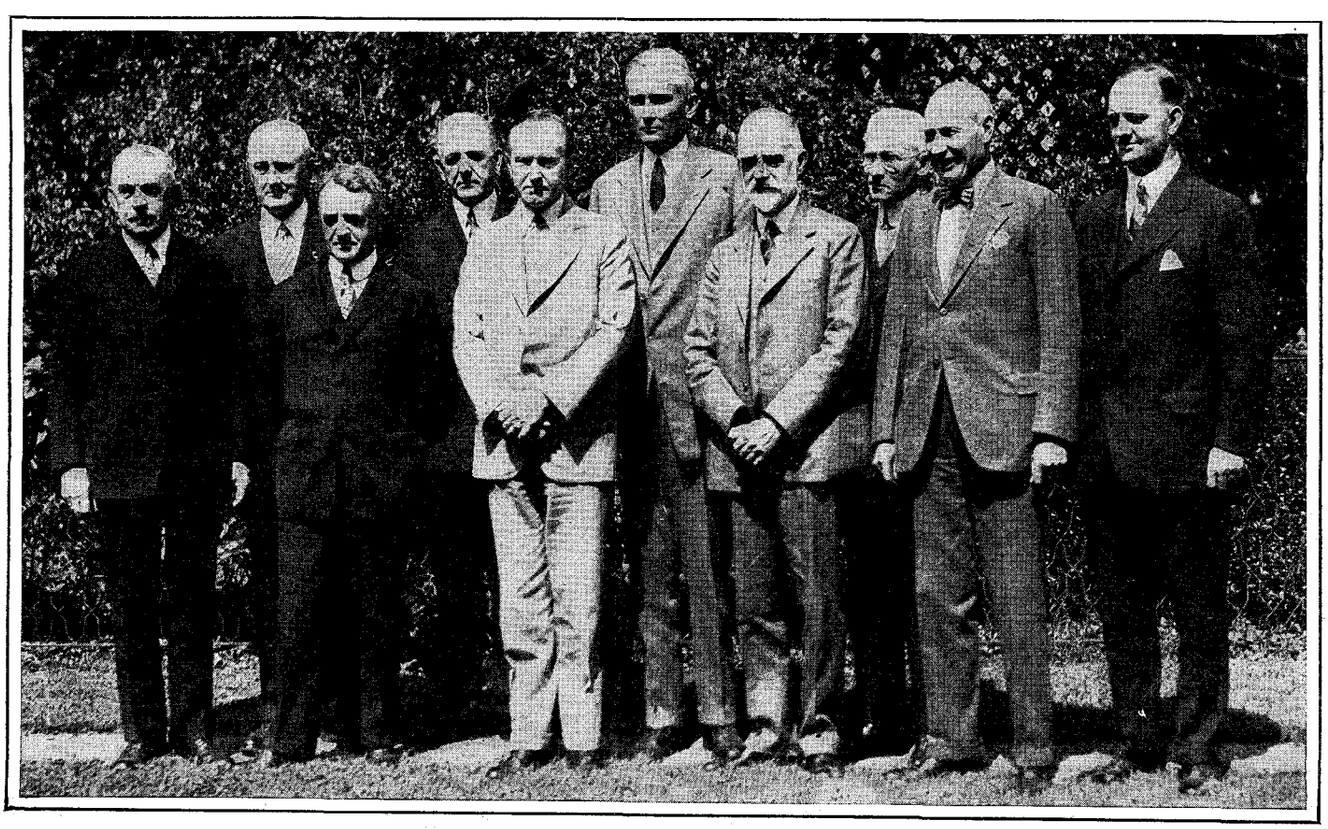
IT is not often that a single field of governmental activity undergoes three investigations of National interest at the same time. That is the luck (or misfortune) of the Air Service, naval and military. The purpose of these three investigations should be sharply and clearly defined.

The first and most far reaching of all is that conducted by the Air Board, recently appointed by President Coolidge, to ascertain the best means of developing and applying aviation in the National defense. Dwight W. Morrow is the Chairman of the Air Board, and his able associates include such men as General James G. Harbord, Admiral Frank Fletcher, Howard E. Coffin, and Senator Hiram Bingham. At its opening session the Committee heard testimony from Acting Secretary of War Dwight Davis, General Patrick, General Hines, and General Drum.

The second investigation is confined exclusively to the cause of the wreck of the giant dirigible Shenandoah. It is a Naval Board inquiry, and its function is technical.

The third investigation awaits initiation. It will undoubtedly result in the court martial of Colonel William Mitchell for the manner of his criticisms of his superior officers. The court martial will deal only with the question of discipline. In that court Colonel Mitchell will be on trial, not the Air Service.

It is to be hoped that this court martial will result in the elimination of personal recriminations from the discussions



The President and his Aircraft Investigating Committee. The chairman, Dwight W. Morrow, is the third from the left

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of our Air Service. The problem is complicated enough without the injection of the hostilities and feuds of individuals.

Exit Hylan

LOOKING across the continent, Mayor Hylan, of New York City, saw James Rolph, Jr., in his fourteenth year and fourth term as Mayor of San Francisco. Why should New York be deprived of the further services of the best Mayor it had ever had, as he had often been assured, simply because he had already served two terms? The answer was given on primary day, and it was expressed in the single word "Tammany." Governor Smith, who had supported him for election four years ago, led the fight against the Mayor on behalf of James J. Walker, and won a great victory.

Arrayed against the Mayor was practically every newspaper of the city with the exception of the Hearst press. Mayor Hylan's denunciation of the newspapers as servants of the "traction crowd" and of Wall Street was not intelligent, but it hardly warranted the treatment which the press gave him in this campaign. Weak and faulty as Mr. Hylan's administration of the city has been, it has not lacked certain merits. The newspapers of New York would have had more influence in guiding public opinion if they had been discriminating critics of John F. Hylan. As it is, it seems likely that if Tammany controls the next administration it will pay as little heed to the criticism of the press as John F. Hylan did.

Mr. Waterman, who won an overwhelming victory in the Republican primaries, is now Tammany's outstanding opponent. His problem is to secure support of independent voters who find in Tammany's history little reason for supporting Tammany's candidate. Mr. Hylan has said that if Tammany were to win New York would be "wide open." What reason is there for doubting it?

In La Follette's State

OUTSIDE of Wisconsin the late Robert M. La Follette's personality had no such magic influence as it had within the State. So far as Mr. La Follette was a power in the National Government it was as a Senator from Wisconsin. His greatest achievements were in the reform of the State laws and the State administration. Within the State his political power was very nearly, if not quite, supreme. La Follette politically was Wisconsin personified.

During his lifetime he found an able lieutenant in his son, Robert M. La Follette, Jr.; and now that son is regarded as his successor. This is partly because the younger La Follette has explicitly subscribed to the political beliefs of his father, but in no small measure because he has an engaging personality of his own. He has won the nomination for the Senatorship to succeed his father after a personal canvass of the voters.

Nationally there is no party significance in Mr. La Follette's capture of the Republican nomination in Wisconsin. Those sympathetic with the National Republican organization will support rather unhopefully, an independent nominee, Mr. Dithmar. Primaries in Wisconsin are open to all kinds of voters and, moreover, the great majority of the voters in Wisconsin are nominally Republican. There is little indication that the death of Senator La Follette has made much change in what is called Progressivism in Wisconsin.

Great Britain's Industrial Crisis

"Great Britain is to-day uneasy over her economic position. . . . A year ago it seemed as if the country were at last overcoming the aftermath of war. . . . Twelve months of so-called 'tranquillity' have, however, revealed an industrial change, sudden, swift, and for the worse."

What this change is, how it vitally affects British labor, British industry, and British politics, P. W. Wilson explains simply and clearly in next week's issue of The Outlook. To read this article is to gain an understanding of one of the world's most pressing economic problems.

New Developments in Radio

A LEADING radio engineer from the Mid-West attending the Radio World's Fair and the National Radio Exposition in New York was asked if he felt that the ultimate in radio had been attained.

"No, indeed," he said; "radio is far from the ultimate point of perfection. I should say it is now in the stage where the automobile was when the six-cylinder engine appeared on the market. We can always expect improvements and refinements in broadcast receivers from year to year, just as the motorist looks forward to a new model car each season."

There was scarcely a unit of a receiving set on display at the New York shows which did not incorporate some improvement. Many of the refinements were slight, but when all are grouped together and wired within a cabinet they tend for a more perfect machine that can be easily operated by any member of the family.

It was apparent to radio enthusiasts visiting the shows that improved tone quality, simplified control, and circuits which dispense with batteries and use the house-lighting current are the outstanding developments this season.

Manufacturers point out that the public now buys radio for its entertainment value instead of to fulfill a desire to hunt about the dials for feeble waves from far-away cities. This has forced engineers to improve tone quality and make the radio set truly a musical instrument, capable of reproducing broadcasts with entire fidelity. Therefore the tin horn loudspeakers have been the center of attack, because this unit which transforms the electrical impulses back into sound has been responsible for much distortion in radio concerts.

It was evident at the shows that the goose-neck loudspeaker is fast losing favor and is destined to the same fate as

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Let it serve for table talk

Merchant of Venice, Act III, Scene 5

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

We believe the Colonel could do it

From F. M. Kendall, Columbus, Ohio

Evans in the Columbus Dispatch

IF THERE'S ANYTHING THERE, IT WILL SHOW UP IN THE BAG
NATIONAL AIR DEFENSE
NAVY AIR SERVICE
ARMY AIR SERVICE
SWEEPING PRESIDENTIAL INVESTIGATION

Renovating

From Miss Mea J. Williams, Columbus, Ohio

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

A dangerous fault spreading in our National structure

From C. W. Hall, Akron, Ohio

Rollin Kirby in the New York World

"Help! Help! Help!"

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

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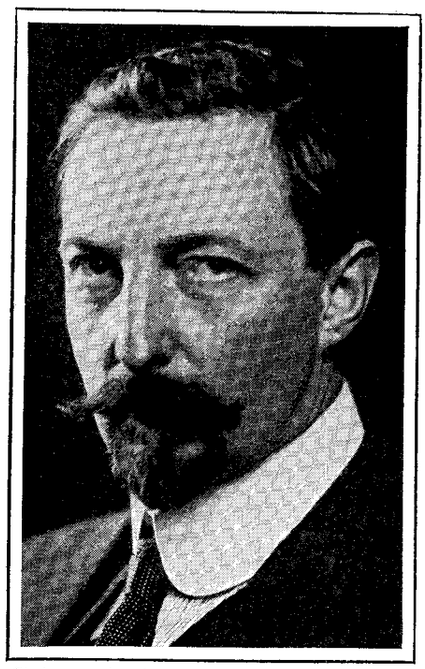
the horn of the early phonograph. The popular reproducers this season are in the form of a disk about eighteen inches in diameter, or a unit built in an elaborate cabinet resembling a piece of furniture. The housewife is largely responsible for the gradual disappearance of the horn, because she is the chief advocate of something more decorative than an ungainly funnel in the living-room. The want of a more artistic reproducer and the fact that listeners are becoming more critical of tone quality necessitated the development of the radio receiver primarily as a musical instrument.

There was one loudspeaker at the Grand Central Palace designed as an attractive piece of furniture, and different from all others in performance and mode of operation. It gives distortionless reproduction at volume equal to a band or orchestra. It employs a rigid cone, energized by a powerful electromagnet, with a new super-power amplifier tube serving as the source of driving power for the cone. This development embodies a new principle, which enables operation from the 110-volt, 60-cycle, alternating current of the house-lighting mains. It faithfully covers the complete acoustical range, from the lowest notes of the organ to the highest pitch of the soprano, and the volume can be regulated from a whisper to a torrent of sound, without the slightest indication of distortion.

Tuning in Easily

RECEIVERS have been greatly simplified and numerous models displayed at the two radio shows in New York were equipped with a single dial. Other circuits did away with dials and used new methods of tuning. One manufacturer introduced a uni-control revolving drum tuner. Another style made use of a narrow rectangular scale, with a pointer traveling up and down in a slit or tiny window, in which the numbers corresponding to the various wave lengths are visible. The drum type is tuned by revolving the drum by means of two little wheels, the milled rims of which protrude through the center of the slanting panel. As the cylindrical form is turned different stations are heard and the call letters can be written on the face of the drum, so that in the future all the operator need do is to set the wheels in accordance with the lettering on the drum.

Hundreds of broadcast listeners who have been waiting for a batteryless set found receivers at the shows to satisfy their expectations. Several models connect directly to the house-light socket, just as an electric iron or toaster, and no batteries are required. Other manufacturers have demonstrated external "B" battery eliminators, which can be attached to any existing vacuum tube set. There were not as many "A" battery eliminators on display as there were "B" current supply devices.



(C) International

Paul Wayland Bartlett

Based on the amount of business exhibitors booked at the shows, the many improvements and beauty of design disclosed in September have won a host of new followers for broadcasting, and old-timers have been enticed to cast aside the old models for a 1925-6 receiver, with which they hope to cover more mileage through the ether this winter, with fidelity of tone and a minimum of interference.

The Tides of Fundy

IN describing recently the gigantic project of utilizing the tides in the Bay of Fundy for power we pointed out that consent must be obtained from Maine because of a State law prohibiting the exportation of water power. This consent was given by a large majority in a special referendum election on September 14.

It remains to secure the approval of New Brunswick, the Dominion Government, the United States Power Commission, and the International Joint Commission between the United States and Great Britain, which passes on matters relating to boundary waters.

This sounds formidable, but there is no real opposition to the plan and no trouble has developed internationally. The people of New Brunswick are known to be enthusiastic, and not only see no injury to them in the proposed use of the waters of Passamaquoddy Bay but believe that the establishing of this vast engineering plan will be directly beneficial to New Brunswick. Both in Canada and Maine the expenditure of perhaps $100,000,000 for construction work is welcome enough.

With the international and local aspects thus favorable and with general acceptance by engineers of the feasibility of the plan, only cost, time, and the drawbacks of working in remote and undeveloped districts remain to be considered. There seems to be more than a mere probability that the bold designer of the scheme, Dexter P. Cooper, may see the proposed "mass production of energy" (perhaps 700,000 horse-power) become an actuality and the tides be thus harnessed through electricity to the will of man.

Men America Could Ill Afford to Lose

NOT all men whose service has been National in extent have been Nationally known. Seymour L. Cromwell, whose recent death as the result of an accident ended a life that was still in its prime, was known and honored in what is known as Wall Street. He contributed as President of the Stock Exchange in a marked degree to the stability and welfare of the Nation, but it would not be easy to find any public record or acknowledgment of what he did. To him the Stock Exchange was not a mere piece of stabilizing machinery, but was a human institution; and he made himself in the highest sense the servant of every one in the Exchange from the lowest employee up. He was a profound believer in democracy in industry, as in all other fields of American life.

Alfred Cotton Bedford was at the time of his death last week a recognized chief authority on the production and distribution of petroleum and its products.

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During the war he was Chairman of the Petroleum Committee of the Council of National Defense. Since 1882 he had been an employee or officer of the Standard Oil Company or one of its subsidiaries, or one of the component parts of the original company, finally becoming Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. He was one of the strongest supporters of the Young Men's Christian Association; and he did great service to the restoration of world stability as Chairman of the American Section of the International Chamber of Commerce.

Paul Wayland Bartlett was one of the most distinguished of modern sculptors. His death is a loss to France as well as to America, for he spent much of his time in France, did much of his work there, and would have contributed further to the sculpture of that country. One of his best-known works was the statue of Lafayette which was given by American school-children to the French Republic and stands to-day near the Louvre in Paris. His statue of Franklin was carried on a pilgrimage in 1921 from Baltimore to Philadelphia, and thence to New York and to Boston, and finally erected at Westbury, Connecticut. Paul Bartlett understood his medium and used it with both technical mastery and imagination.

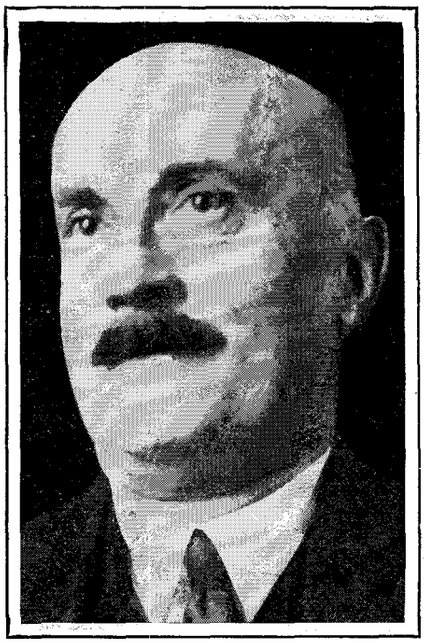
The French Debt

With the arrival in the United States of Joseph Caillaux, French Minister of Finance, as head of a special debt commission, and the beginning of negotiations with the American Debt Funding Commission, there is good reason to hope that a solution of the delicate and complicated French debt problem is at hand. For France it opens a vista of commercial progress. For the United States it means the end of a disturbing uncertainty.

Neither the French Government nor the American Administration desires to see the present negotiations fail.

Whatever the causes of the financial difficulties in which France has been floundering, the American Government recognizes the existence of those difficulties and the effort which France is now making to extricate herself from them.

The reforms in the French financial situation which will have to be put into effect will entail hardships on the French people; but American officials believe that such fiscal house-cleaning was necessary, in any event, and that France will benefit by it. The first step to this end, by which the French Government is undertaking to replace six per cent treasury notes with similar obligations bearing only four per cent, is in operation already. It is hoped that this effort will be completed by October 15.



Wide World Photos

Joseph Caillaux
French Minister of Finance

There seems to be every disposition on the part of the American Government to make the payments during the first years, while France is attempting to get on her feet again financially and economically, as light as possible. During the later years of the sixty-two-year period over which the payments are expected to run France's financial prosperity will, it is believed, permit her to make the larger payments required. It is particularly desirable that concession should be made as to amortization and interest rates, so as to lighten the burden of the debt during these years when the other burdens which France has to bear are disproportionately heavy.

After the settlement of the French debt, settlements with other nations should soon follow, and President Coolidge should be able to submit to the coming Congress funding arrangements with all, or virtually all, of the countries on the debtor list.

The Little War in Syria

From about the end of July a violent anti-French uprising has been going on in the Druse Province near Damascus, in Syria. Two French detachments, one numbering 170 men and the other over 3,000, were attacked at the beginning of August by Druses, Mohammedan sectarians inhabiting the province, and suffered considerable losses. Druses have besieged the French garrison of Soueida, the capital of the province. French soldiers and officials also have been attacked in other places.

The French have had great difficulties in coping with the uprising, which, it seems, is not yet suppressed. It is true that the whole province numbers only some 60,000 inhabitants, whose armed forces do not exceed 15,000 riders. But the country is covered with deserts and mountains and has no ways of communication except tortuous paths. Besides, the French forces stationed there hardly count 7,000 men.

Whatever be its results, the Druse uprising is, of course, a purely local affair. As such it is unimportant. But it is undoubtedly an important symptom of the general unrest in Syria.

Syria and the Lebanon, which have been placed by the League of Nations under French administration, or, to be more exact, French mandate, are the bulwark of the Arab culture and the headquarters of the Arab *intelligentsia* in the Near East. The flourishing commercial city of Aleppo, beautiful Damascus, which has been the main center of Mohammedan learning ever since the days of the Khalifate, Beirût with its American and Jesuit schools and colleges, as well as many other cities, lend to Syria the rôle of a leading country in the life of the Islamic Near East. Even before the Great War, while Syria was still a part of the Turkish Empire, a strong movement for complete political independence was going on there.

The Druse uprising, as well as most of the uprisings that have taken place in recent years in Syria, is but one phase of the general Arabic movement for independence. And it is exactly in these terms that Sultan El Attrash Pasha, the hereditary Druse chieftain, has characterized it in an interview with the correspondent of the "Deutsche Allegemeine Zeitung." Our ultimate aim, he said, is the complete independence of

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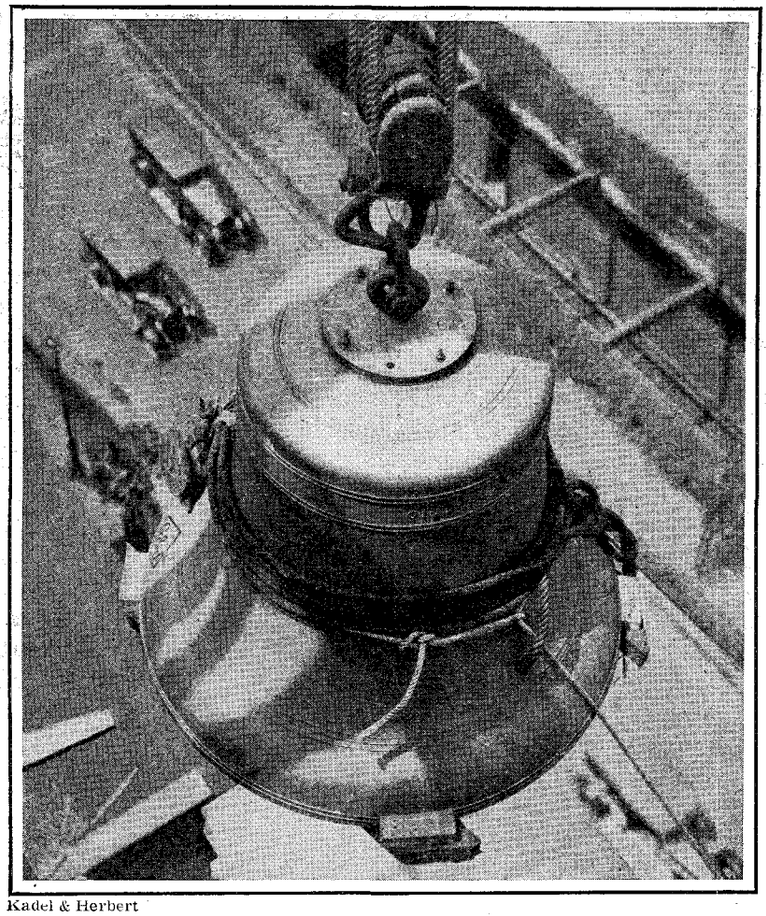

Kadel & Herbert

One of the huge bells in the Rockefeller carillon, being hoisted into position in the belfry of the Park Avenue Baptist Church

Syria, with the French participating in our governmental life only as advisers. He also expressed the hope that, following the example of the Druses, all Syrian provinces would rise against the French. He said the moment for such a rising was especially propitious just now, when the French were busy in Morocco. Whether this will happen or not is, of course, a question, but it is feared by most observers familiar with the situation.

The dissatisfaction with the French rule in Syria seems to have become particularly acute since the spring of this year, when the former High Commissioner of the country, General Gouraud, was replaced by General Serrail. The latter, a radical and an anti-clerical, has decreed a series of measures that have stirred up the religious feelings of the population; thus he decided to secularize the education in the local schools. Similar blunders, of course, may have added fuel to the flames. Yet the deeper cause of the unrest lies in the movement for independence above mentioned, which in our days is characteristic of the Syrian Arabic countries just as it is of India, China, and other Asiatic lands.

The Troubles of the League

THE League of Nations has of late been deeply concerned over disturbing and important world problems. That it has found definite solutions as to its own powers and purpose in these matters does not appear.

The Mosul dispute peculiarly worries the League, as is natural, for Turkey, not a League member, had, as the League avers, consented to accept the findings of a Commission appointed by the League. But Turkey did nothing of the sort. Instead Tewfik Bey brusquely told the League's Council that his nation stood on the Lausanne Treaty and, in effect, that the settlement lay between Turkey and Great Britain. The same day the League heard news that Christians were being deported from the Mosul border region, where a Turkish army had been moved. At our last accounts the League has "passed the buck" to the World Court by asking it for an opinion on the League's Council's duties under the Lausanne Treaty, while, according to one correspondent, "high officials" of the League comfort themselves with the feeling that before long snow will close the high passes between Turkey and Irak. For obvious reasons the League is at home in delay and discussion, but lost in doubt as to how it may, can, or should act.

One certainly sensible negative decision was reached by the League when it dropped the Danish proposal to establish a Conciliation Court. What was proposed was not a court at all, but a mediation commission. To attach this function even indirectly to a World Court would be to cloud the purpose and value of the World Court as such and to duplicate mediative agencies already existing at The Hague and in the League. The distinction between a court and an arbitration committee, big or little, is perfectly obvious. It would be injurious to the judicial value of the World Court to connect it with political claims and counter-claims.

Another negative decision was against a proposal by Uruguay for revising the World Court's basis, supposedly for the purpose of making it easier for the United States to come in. The debate brought out a strong pronouncement by Sir Cecil Hurst of England's positive disapproval of attempts at coercive or compulsory arbitration on non-juridical quarrels.

One affirmative tendency (not yet an action, however) was shown in the League Assembly when it approved of beginning technical preparation and planning with a view to a new Disarmament Conference to be held under League auspices. The delegates seemed sure that this was the only right plan for such a conference, but the elaborate preliminary conferences and "paper work" planned do not indicate that the world will soon see an actual Disarmament Conference. The League has been urged to approve the China Conference, and probably will, but it is holding back because it does not like the form of the resolution before it. Still another proposed conference is to engage the League's attention—and there is nothing the League loves better than to discuss conferences. France, through M. Loucheur, has introduced in the Assembly a resolution for an international conference to study national and international economic conditions which might breed war. This is rightly considered one of the most important matters before the League, but it is arousing vigorous opposition as a dangerous fomenter of discord.

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Hindsight

ANY prophet who wants an easy job should apply for the task of forecasting the result of the American Amateur Tennis Championship. At least for the past six years it would have been safe for a prophet to have foretold the victory of William T. Tilden 2d over William Johnston in the finals.

Six years is a phenomenal period to maintain supremacy in so strenuous a game as lawn tennis—a game which demands the maximum co-ordination of physical force and mental control.

Each year sees an addition to the ranks of youngsters. Some day one of them will wrest the crown from Tilden. Who that will be is not yet manifested.

The Voice of the Bells

ON Sunday of week before last the air in the neighborhood of Park Avenue and 63d Street vibrated to an unaccustomed music. It was then for the first time that New York was listening to a carillon, the greatest in the world. Made in Croydon, England, for the Park Avenue Baptist Church, the gift of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in memory of his mother, it will continue to spread music of a rare kind through those skies.

A *carillon* is a set of bells tuned to the notes of the chromatic scale upon which music in two or more parts can be played; that is, airs with accompaniments, sonatas, fugues, and other forms of music. The bells are played either by a *carillonneur* or automatically. The term carillon is applied, with technical correctness, to sets of twenty-five or more bells. The carillonneur produces his music by means of a clavier, constructed on a principle somewhat similar to that of the manuals and pedals of an organ. The keys are of wood.

The carillon is a development of the chime, from which they differ rather in size and tonal importance than in quality.

Even by comparison with the world-famous carillons of the Low Countries of Europe, the New York bells are said to be marvelous. Fifty-three bells, varying from a huge bourdon weighing no less than thirteen tons to silvery bells of the most delicate timber, will ring out songs for us at regular intervals, chiefly hymns, no doubt, though, if required, they could render, it is said, the most complex melodies and enchanting harmonies.

Bell-founding is one of the most interesting and difficult exemplifications of applied metal work. It is historic in its significance and immensely complex as to its technic. It combines art with industry, draughtsmanship with labor. In England it has flourished, more or less steadily, since the thirteenth century, and, though excelled at certain periods by their competitors of the Netherlands, English founders have cast some of the most wonderful bells in the world. One firm, now active in Loughborough—the Taylor firm—has been active since the fourteenth century.

Kadel & Herbert

King George and Queen Mary in the foundry of Gillett and Johnston, Croydon, England, inspecting the great carillon of bells before its exportation to America

Carillons in Sky-Scrapers Why Not?

THE art or craft of founding the modern carillon, or extended chromatic compass of bells, may be said to have reached its apogee on the Continent in the Netherlands in the seventeenth century. Among its most illustrious exponents were the two Hemonys, Francis and Peter. From their time on the Belgian and Dutch skill in casting bells gradually diminished, only, however, to be emulated and at last excelled by the English founders who made their headquarters at Loughborough and at Croydon, a suburb of London.

Many Americans in their foreign wanderings have been fascinated by the loveliness of the bells attached to the old churches of Bruges and Antwerp, Alkmaar, Haarlem, Rotterdam, and Malines. But carillons are now used for secular as well as for religious purposes. The Town Hall at Rotterdam has been enriched by one made in England. There is no reason why sweet chimes should be monopolized by cathedrals. They could add beauty to the grim life of the laborer just as fitly as they lend charm to the externals of religion. A belfry in Times Square might prove more potent even as an advertisement than the most garish and absurd electric signs. And the dark sordidness of many grimy factories would repel less if for the hootings of the present midday whistles intelligent capitalists were to substitute the appeal of carillons.

Anglo-Saxons, as a rule, affect indifference to æstheticism. But in their hearts they also crave beauty. It was at Loughborough that, only a few years ago, the first flawless demonstration of what chimes might mean was made in a tower especially constructed in the Taylor works for a set or chromatic scale of thirty-seven bells. Since then the Taylors and their most notable competitors, Gillett and Johnston, of Croydon, have improved vastly on what was once regarded as a supreme achievement. And it is probable that a carillon will soon ring in the imposing Victoria Tower at Westminster as a memorial to the British

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and Irish peers who laid down their lives during the late war.

What's Wrong with Reclamation?

SECRETARY WORK'S policy concerning reclamation as he states it in his interview in this issue of The Outlook is simple and clear. Those who attack it cannot do so under any misunderstanding. It is stated so definitely and in such terms that the principle on which it rests is evident and unmistakable.

In particular one sentence in that interview is worthy of special notice:

> Justice to the irrigator who, year after year, has met his payments to the Nation which advanced the money and to those projects that are meeting their payments on time requires that irrigation debts to the Government should be collected as taxes are collected.

Those who are criticising Secretary Work for his policy because they find it inconvenient to pay what they can pay should get little sympathy from the rest of the Nation.

This policy of justice also requires that the benefit of reclamation should go, not to the land speculator, but to those who employ the land for the purposes for which it was reclaimed.

Ideas in Quarantine

SOME have greatness thrust upon them.

Shapurji Saklatvala was not born great, and by nothing that he has done has he achieved greatness; but he has suddenly become a personage whose opinions are quoted far and wide in the press, whose personality has been portrayed in pen pictures to satisfy the curiosity of millions. His sudden rise to eminence he owes to the ban pronounced against him by the United States Department of State.

A native of India, Mr. Saklatvala went to England, studied law, and in time became a member of Parliament, representing a constituency near London. He is a Communist. As such he is committed to the overthrow of all non-Communist governments by force.

He had intended to attend the sessions of the Interparliamentary Union, which is to meet in Washington in October. Having received a visa on his passport, Mr. Saklatvala announced that he would carry on subversive and revolutionary propaganda, that he would work for revolution, and that the workers of the world before controlling the world would have to face cold steel. Because of his violent pronouncements, the American Government ordered his visa canceled.

The American Government's Point of View

WHY did the American Government feel it necessary to take notice of the opinions of this comparatively obscure man? In answer to that, the following can be accepted as authentically setting out the reasons and justifications for excluding him:

Under the law the Secretary of State, acting by the authority of the President, is charged with preventing the admission to the United States of certain classes of aliens. Among these are the following:

(*a*) Aliens who are Anarchists;

(*b*) Aliens who advise, advocate, or teach, or who are members of or affiliated with any organization, association, society, or group, that advises, advocates, or teaches, opposition to all organized government;

(*c*) Aliens who believe in, advise, advocate, or teach, or who are members of or affiliated with any organization, association, society, or group, that believes in, advises, advocates, or teaches: (1) the overthrow by force or violence of the Government of the United States or of all forms of law.

This law was enacted during the war. Congress later rescinded most of the war legislation, but on June 5, 1920, this act, as amended and restated, was specifically extended to remain in effect until further action should be taken. It is clear that Congress felt strongly on the matter, since when the law was extended the House voted for it unanimously and the opinion of the Senate was so clear that it was not considered necessary to call for a division.

This law is constantly being enforced through the refusal of visas to persons of little or no influence. The Administration does not see how the Secretary of State could continue to enforce the law if a person who was clearly barred under its terms were permitted entry merely because he happened to be a member of the legislative body of a foreign nation, or because great publicity attaches to his case. If the law is wrong, if it is not the intent of the American people that there should be a quarantine against revolutionary ideas, Congress has the right to change the law. If, on the other hand, the law stands, the Secretary of State, in the fulfillment of his duties, should, it is held, be expected to enforce it against high or low, obscure or notorious.

The Interparliamentary Union is not a body organized or directed by the Government of the United States. Delegates to its meetings are not, it is understood, chosen from the various legislatures which participate nor are they nominated by their respective governments. On the other hand, any member of a legislature may attend who signifies his desire to do so.

Some months ago the Department of State authorized its consular officers to extend visas to persons desiring to attend the conference to be held in Washington, and under this blanket instruction a visa was granted to Mr. Saklatvala. Subsequently Mr. Saklatvala indulged in a series of incendiary speeches both within Parliament and without, and these speeches were brought to the attention of the Department and, being duly confirmed, placed Mr. Saklatvala clearly in the category of "those aliens who advocate and teach the overthrow by force or violence of the Government of the United States or of all forms of law," in the sense of the act of October 16, 1918, as amended June 5, 1920.

Certain newspapers have taken up alleged aspects of the case which the Department believes have no foundation in fact. The exclusion of an alien has nothing to do with the question of free speech, yet perhaps the most commonly quoted criticism of the Government is that the United States restricts freedom of speech, whereas Great Britain does not. There are references to the meetings in Hyde Park, where all sorts of revolutionary theories are propounded. Equally in the United States there are similar revolutionary speeches every Sunday on Boston Common and elsewhere. Nothing more violent is said in London than in this country, and in both cases the Government does not restrict the freedom of speech. On Boston Common, however, it is Americans who are attacking their own Government, just as in London it is British citizens who are attacking the British Government. Should similar speeches be made in Hyde Park by Americans, the chances are they would be very promptly stopped, and there seems to be no reason why the American Government should admit rev-

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olutionary foreigners to attack our institutions.

Assertions are freely made that this country is unique in that it alone refuses to admit dangerous foreign agitators. As a matter of fact, similar laws are in effect in most foreign countries. As an example of this, it may be pointed out that when recently there was a Communist Party Conference at Glasgow, the British Home Secretary refused to allow "alien Bolshevik delegates known to have been engaged in revolutionary and subversive activities to enter the country to attend the Conference." There seems little difference between this regulation and the American law.

Certain papers, and notably Mr. Saklatvala himself, have made the suggestion that he was excluded at the instance of the British Government. This assertion is declared to be absolutely and unqualifiedly false. The British Government has not approached the American Government in the matter, either formally or informally. As the event has shown, the British Government considered the matter one to be decided solely by the United States in accord with American law.

Legal—But is it Wise?

SUCH is the attitude of the American Government.

No doubt exists of the right of the Department of State to exclude this alien. Under the law it is certainly exercising its power and seems to be performing its legal duty. Whatever reasonable criticism can be directed against the State Department must be based on something besides an assumption that it is exceeding its authority.

The American Government acted legally. The question still remains, Did the American Government act wisely?

If Mr. Saklatvala were seeking to become a permanent resident of the United States, his exclusion would be in full accord with the settled policy of the American people. We have enough cranks here already. Those who want to become members of the American family must be in accord with American ideals. There is no such reason for excluding cranks as casual visitors. Our institutions are not so fragile that blasts of hot air from a transient guest can shatter them. If the law regulating the admission of immigrants applies also to visitors, it should be changed. There is no reason why our Government should invest people like Mr. Saklatvala with distinction. That he was ill-mannered enough to call Secretary Kellogg a liar and defamer indicates that he would have probably brought discredit upon himself and his theories if he had come and talked. It is true that he might have said things which would have compelled the authorities to deport him. The Nation might well have taken that risk. It is true that the State Department had the choice between two evils—one that of attempting to quarantine ideas, the other that of risking prolonged controversy with a trouble-maker. Such a choice should be resolved in the favor of liberty. Freedom has its risks, but, other things being equal, they are not as great as those attending suppression and restraint.

It is repeatedly said that nowhere in the world is external restriction placed upon the minds and manners of men as it is in America. This charge cannot be sustained, but the fact that it can be made indicates the tendency in America against which we should be on our guard. From the anti-evolution law of Tennessee to the ban on straw hats after the 15th of September there is a constant force in America tending to impose conformity. If we believe sufficiently in American institutions, we shall not fear what foreigners may have to say about them. America has been known to convert Socialists and Communists. We certainly do not serve the cause of American democracy by thrusting greatness upon the Karolyis and the Saklatvalas.

The Spirit of the Northwest

PATRIOTS on both sides of the three thousand and odd miles of border line separating the United States of America from the United Provinces of Canada have been wont these many years, since the War of 1812, to magnify the intercommunal amity which has made the fortification of that long frontier unnecessary. More happily expressed, the northern border of our States and the southern boundary of the Dominion are fortified by friendship. The unveiling of the Harding Memorial at Vancouver on September 16 by the Canadian Americans of British Columbia was a happy symbolizing of relations that have concretely come to pass, an evidence of mutual states of mind in the northwest of the North American Continent joining across an arbitrary demarcation. Nowhere a barrier, the international line in the west provides very little more bump than the corresponding geographical definitions between States and Provinces. It is, indeed, becoming more of a link than a separation.

Harding made his last speech as President of the United States in Stanley Park, Vancouver, on July 26, 1923. It was a becoming valedictory; characteristic of the large-hearted man, appropriate on the Pacific coast to a peace-minded President. Canadians consider it the most welcome phrasing of these particular international relations that has come officially and responsibly from the American side in the present generation. On the spot where his parting words were spoken in the cause of good sense between neighboring peoples of the same race and traditions his memorial now stands near the wide rose gardens of Stanley Park in an amphitheater of fir spires that are ever green.

The western provinces of Canada differ in many ways from Quebec and Ontario and eastern Manitoba. They are very young; young as communities, young in habit of mind, young in finding irksome distinctions that are, or have become, comparatively meaningless. Vancouver has far more commercially in common with Seattle than it has with Toronto; French-Canadian Quebec has nothing very tangible of joint interest with Winnipeg except the termini of grain-hauling railroads, whereas Winnipeg is fast developing joint enterprises with the Twin Cities of Minnesota. A sensible amount of first-class American agricultural immigration comes north into Alberta and Saskatchewan from the Western States. It is in the younger west of Canada, and particularly in the northwest, that a matter-of-fact Americanism—not at all a matter of sentiment—expresses itself in the relations of men. The Fourth of July is as much of a celebration in British Columbia as is Dominion Day on the first of July. At opposite ends of the same week they constitute one big declaration of the same kind of independence. On July 4 of this year for six miles south of the border the Pacific Highway was congested to a standstill with United States motor traffic bound north into British Columbia—a Columbia that was, for the invad-

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ing neighbors, broad-gauge American in habits and customs as well as British in name—to spend their week-end holiday. Labor Day took effect almost equally in an abandonment of labor internationally. Nothing in language or manner or attitude distinguishes the luncheon clubs of Vancouver from their affiliated organizations on the hither side of the unfelt line; nothing but the hymn that each sings at the end of their get-together repasts, and even in that the melody is the same whether the words be "God Save the King" or "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Something of this actuality the President about to die caught in his valediction. And the International Kiwanis, engraving his words in bronze on the memorial they have built, have only raised an enduring and visible token of the convictions their common experiences have taught them. "American" in the northwest of America means something—*not so much a common heritage as a mutual future*—in which the bordering provinces and the States may share. The Harding memorial stands for something much more unifying than the annexation which in this parting address an American President himself expressly repudiated.

The Railroad Centennial

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THEY are celebrating just now in England the centennial of the steam railroad. The date of the birth of the railroad as a means of transportation is shrouded in some obscurity. The centenary festival is therefore based upon a historical event arbitrarily chosen.

This event was the public opening in September, 1825, of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, in the north of England, on which, for the first time, a locomotive or "traveling engine" was used to haul passengers and freight over metal rails. On this occasion a stationary engine drew the loaded cars or wagons up the steepest incline or grade and lowered them on the other side. At the foot of the grade a "traveling engine" was coupled on and driven by George Stephenson. The train consisted of thirty-four open wagons—the first six loaded with coal and flour, next a special coach for the directors of the company and their friends, then twenty-one wagons with temporary seats for ordinary passengers, and at the end of the train six more wagons loaded with coal. "The signal being given," says a contemporary observer, "the engine started off with this immense train of carriages, and such was its velocity, that in some parts the speed was frequently twelve miles an hour; and at that time the number of passengers was counted to be four hundred and fifty, which, together with the coals, merchandise, and carriages, would amount to near ninety tons"! The exclamation mark is my own. To-day in the United States the heaviest engines and tenders alone weigh considerably over two hundred tons and freight trains of over four thousand tons weight are not unknown.

No one can read, even superficially, the history of steam-railroad transportation and condemn out of hand what the future may have in store for aerial navigation, even in the face of the terrible disaster which recently ended the career of the Shenandoah. In a hundred years the mileage of the railways of the world, exclusive of trams and trolleys, have grown from less than one hundred miles to approximately seven hundred thousand miles. And yet, says the biographer of George Stephenson, "the idea of traveling at a rate of speed double that of the fastest [horse-drawn] mail coach appeared at that time so preposterous that Mr. Stephenson was unable to find any engineer who would risk his reputation in supporting his 'absurd views.' . . . George Stephenson's idea was indeed at that time regarded but as the dream of a chimerical projector. It stood before the public friendless, and scarcely daring to lift itself into notice for fear of ridicule. The civil engineers generally rejected the notion of a Locomotive Railway; and when no leading man of the day could be found to stand forward in support of the Killingworth mechanic, its chances of success must have been pronounced but small. But like all great truths, the time was surely to come when it was to prevail."

George Stephenson, who drove the engine, which he himself had built, at the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, if not the inventor of the steam railroad and the locomotive, was at least their father and founder. He was the son of a laborer in a coal mine near Newcastle, not far from the Scottish border, and was born in 1781. He never went to school, the family being too poor for that. At fifteen years of age he was assistant fireman on a stationary engine at the mouth of a coal pit, earning a shilling a day, and his highest ambition was to become an engineman. He was eighteen years old before he even learned to read. But genius has its own methods of obtaining an education, and, having learned to read and at nineteen to write his own name, he began to take lessons in arithmetic from a Scotchman, paying his teacher fourpence a week. He used to model engines in clay and to take his own engine to pieces, when he became an engineman, in order to become familiar with its mechanism. It was not long before he achieved a local reputation as a skilled mechanic, and many were the wheezy and leaky engines, unable because of defects to keep their pits clear of water, which he cured.

He was of course early familiar with "rail-ways." As early as 1676 wooden rails in the neighborhood of Newcastle were laid from the mouth of the coal pits and wagons on wheels which fitted these wooden rails were drawn by horses. Next, in order to protect the wooden rails from rotting and wear, thin plates of iron were nailed upon them. Then cast-iron rails were substituted for the wooden ones and cast-iron flanges were fastened to the wagon tires to keep the wheels upon the track. In the year 1800 one Benjamin Outram substituted stone props for wooden sleepers in the horse railroads used in the coal mines. His invention was called an "Outram road," which was finally shortened to "tram road," whence sprang the words "tram" and "tram car," used in England to this day.

The first idea of steam locomotion was to have a steam-propelled vehicle use ordinary carriage roads for its path of progress. It is said that a Frenchman in 1641 was imprisoned in a madhouse by the authorities because of the importunities with which he annoyed them to listen to his description of an invention by which he could employ steam propulsion to navigate ships at sea and move carriages on land. In 1772 an American,

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Oliver Evans by name, invented a steam carriage for common roads, but it was never practically developed. Stephenson appears to have been the first seriously to work upon the conception of a locomotive to run upon "rail-ways." At all events, he was the first to believe that the power of adhesion would drive a smooth-wheeled engine upon a smooth rail, and in 1814 he built such an engine for the "rail-way" at a coal mine at Killingworth. The principal partner in the mine was Lord Ravensworth, who backed Stephenson financially in building his locomotive. The machine worked satisfactorily, and in honor of his financial backer Stephenson named it "My Lord." Fifteen years later, at the age of forty-eight, Stephenson built the first practical passenger locomotive in a contest for a prize of $2,500 offered by the promoters of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. This was the famous Rocket, which embodied all the general principles of the modern locomotive, notably the forced draught created by sending the exhaust steam through the smoke-stack. The Rocket is now, I believe, preserved at Newcastle as a memento of Stephenson. It is really his monument, for it is the grandfather, with an immense progeny, of all the locomotive engines in the world.

Stephenson was not merely a man of one idea. He was an amateur naturalist of no mean pretensions; he invented a safety lamp for miners, which was called in his honor the "Geordy" by his enthusiastic co-workers, although it was superseded by the more perfect appliance invented by Sir Humphry Davy; he was a railroad builder and engineer as well as a great mechanic; indeed, his range of interests was so wide that Ralph Waldo Emerson, who met him in England in 1847, when he was approaching his seventieth year, spoke of him as one who "had the lives of many men in him."

In his youth Stephenson was an athlete; in his old age, if one may judge from his portrait, he was a handsome figure of a man. Extremely popular with the hundreds of workingmen with whom he was associated and whom he employed, and regarded with respect, admiration, and even affection by scores of Englishmen of the highest social position, he was always a man of self-respect, self-possession, and yet of modesty. More than once offered a knighthood by the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, he courteously but persistently declined the honor. He had no need of the title, nor has his memory need of the honor it was intended to convey. As plain George Stephenson he ought to be, and will be, remembered as one of the great benefactors of mankind.

China's Friends at Johns Hopkins

Special Correspondence from Baltimore

By SYDNEY GREENBIE

WHEN a few weeks ago I received an invitation to take part in a Conference on American Relations with China at Johns Hopkins University, I hesitated. A glance at the list of sponsors upon whose judgment I was to rely for assurance that the Conference would be worth while made me a bit dubious. I saw only half a dozen names familiar as students of Far Eastern affairs. On second thought, the absence of experts was reassuring. If one would not gain much more knowledge of China and her difficulties, at least one might find out what the average American citizen thought about her problems.

The Cohort of Veterans

UPON my arrival at Johns Hopkins, the preponderance of elderly men and women was disconcerting. Was young China going to be judged by old America? I soon found that most of these older people were really less American than Chinese. They could speak of thirty years of residence in China without much gusto—in fact, that seemed to them of less importance than was a trip to China in summer to some of the younger ones. In the hall I occasionally caught the sound of that full, voluble Chinese language, only to be surprised to find that an American bishop was talking to a Chinese student.

In and about the convention room were sprinkled the solemn faces of young Chinese students; solemn because conscious of the importance and the gravity of the meeting, for the fate of their country hung, not upon the decisions of this Conference, but upon the series of events that must follow it. They were gracious, friendly yet not forward, communicative without self-assertion, and altogether quite at home. The tall, full, jovial countenance and figure of Alfred Sze, the Chinese Minister, with his absolute self-possession, tended to complete this picture. Much smaller in stature, but with a maturity and a severity that intensified the Chinese sense of dignity, was the person of Dr. P. W. Kuo, former President of Southeastern University, at Nanking, China. According to the order of the programme, Dr. Kuo was the meat of this sandwich we had come to Johns Hopkins to devour. I say sandwich, because the programme ended in inverse order of its beginning. Mr. Charles Crane, former Minister to China, was the first speaker and the last, the thin slice of bread, so to speak. Minister Sze was the second and the next to the last, or the butter and jam. With all due respect to the Americans, who were the spices, if you will, the really difficult task of bringing China herself into the Conference fell to Dr. Kuo. It is hard to refrain from flattery in this instance. Here was a Chinese, educated, versatile, gifted, in the anomalous position of having to present himself, as it were, as evidence of the great culture and refinement of the oldest civilization in the world. In thirty-five hundred years from now America will be as old as China is now; but then China will be seventy-five hundred years old. It can't be helped. Yet here was Dr. Kuo obliged to listen to praise of his country that was refutation of unjust criticism; to accept sympathy from this youngest of nations, when it is we who in our infancy had nourished ourselves on the affluence of China. It is well to point out that the China trade, which gave us our start as a nation, at a time when Europe was trying to kill the little Republic, was at the same time the self-same trade that began to undermine the power and glory of China. We have grown to eminence, and China is temporarily in eclipse. So it must have been very hard for Dr. Kuo to remain free from resentment at the very praise spread broadly, as though the spices claimed the importance of the meat. Yet through it all Dr. Kuo maintained a poise and a dignity that were touching—always ready to answer questions, always ready to give information without appearing to persuade, always ready to deny allegations without appearing to whitewash his country.

Mr. Crane expressed the fear that the

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situation in China would slip out of hand. Something was to be done, and done immediately, to remove foreign control over China. He had seen two situations like this: in the first days of the Russian Revolution and in the Moslem world in 1919. I could not help contrasting the spirit of Europe and of China in his parallel, and get a bit of comfort out of it, for to the Chinese present the frantic, hysterical haste which most speakers urged must have seemed like the impetuosity of squabbling children. I know the Americans present were sincere, and I know that the situation in China is very grave. But in contrast to the manner of Dr. Kuo, I could not help asking myself whether the question was really as vital to us as we declared. The cue must be taken from China herself. As Dr. Kuo said, seeing history in prospect, fifty years or a hundred years of struggle in China—what is that to a four-thousand-year-old child?

New "Pep" in Ancient Problems

THE Chinese are as determined as we —infinitely more so. But they have suffered for nearly a century—too long to take offense at new slights. The clouds of world strife are gathering in the Far East. Ours was the sound of thunder in the heavens; but China's feelings were the electricity. We rushed out with lightning-rods in our hands, hoping to avert disaster. China may lie down in the lowest level between the hills. But which of us is likely to come out alive?

The Americans present plunged into these troubled seas without sail or compass. The goal set was the removal of extra-territoriality. In the manner of Americans, full of pep and too busy to waste time, everybody at once began to disembowel this long term by removing "territori." Speed! Let's call it "extrality." Wuxtry! American pep is going to solve this Chinese problem and make recommendations so that all the Powers will have to get out of China. Never mind going back into the history or origin of it, was the burden of the first speaker from the floor. In this tremendous hurry, every one, trying to adjust himself to the use of "extrality" instead of extra-territoriality, used up enough time in stumbling and halting to have solved the problem itself. For two days this impediment in speech was prominent, until it was forgotten. This is a trifle, but it is significant of this first attempt at a really democratic solution of a grave international problem. Speed was the god of the Conference, and it turned out to be a clay idol.

Speed again fooled the Conference when, after a morning's session that was really worth while, the Steering Committee decided to rush things by breaking the body up into four groups. The result was that group one alone brought in any finding worth while. In group two sarcasm nullified the results; group four petered out; group three made little impression on the rest of the Conference. And for two sessions after the Conference resolved itself into the complete wrangler on whether the report of group one should be embodied in the records, or whether some resolution committing the Conference to action should be promulgated. This in essence was that America should urge at the coming conferences in Peking the removal of extra-territoriality and the granting of customs autonomy to China.

Altruism and Cash

NEVERTHELESS it was striking to see how liberal and altruistic the business men present were. The impression made was that they really didn't want to remain in China, anyway. Business didn't pay much under foreign protection, they claimed. All would be better off without extra-territoriality. The missionaries declared that, while they had more actual business interests in China, they did not wish protection, that they felt freer without it, and that if any missionary was afraid to remain in China under such circumstances he had better come home.

The only hitch seemed to come from those who were concerned with China's own welfare. If the foreign Powers evacuate China, said these practical people, the Chinese who have come under the protection of foreigners to escape the depredations of their militarists would be thrown back upon their mercy. No one seemed to argue that no nation will attempt to solve its problems if it can escape them. But I am not expressing opinions. I am concerned with the spirit of the whole Conference, and the spirit was against extra-territoriality.

I shall probably fare no better in now trying to give my impressions than did the Steering Committee in its efforts to formulate a resolution which might summarize the spirit of the Conference. It is poor policy to admit one's failure. But it seems to have been the motive of all the guiding spirits who were guided to Johns Hopkins University last week that there should be nothing in the end which might be summarized. Not that there was any hostility between the various groups; quite the contrary. It was delightful to see the perfect accord that existed between men who the moment any one of them rose to a definite resolve rose to defeat it. It was not that the conferees disagreed. It was simply that they couldn't agree upon a basis for agreement. The objection to framing a resolution with which the inarticulate might go forth and confuse the world's money-changers was not because resolutions were distasteful to them, but because the dough of democratic discussion had not been leavened with the yeast of scientific or artistic management. They could not agree to a resolution, not because they were not resolute enough, but because they had been too much so. Had each man resolved less to differ in his agreements, had there been a more clear-cut regard for the past, the present, and the future of the problems of China, a resolution would have crystallized itself out of the very substance of the discussions; but as there was no beginning to the middle of the discussion raised, how could there possibly be an end? The Conference did not fail, because it seems to have pledged itself not to succeed. The substance of the debates having been helter-skelter, if some resolution committing the Conference to a definite action before the word had been passed, then indeed would the Conference have defeated its dearest desires. As it is, out of nothing there at least came simplicity.

The Faith Survived

IT would be manifestly unjust to minimize the effects of this gathering, as it would be deceitful to deny its importance. The results are not to be measured in recommendations and resolutions. Two hundred people came with an abiding faith in China. After three days of discussion and failure to co-ordinate their views they left with an enduring—one might say, a militant—faith in China. On the floor of the Conference I told a little story that illustrates the process of the discussions. There was a captain of a China clipper once who was given to daily readings from the Bible. A mischievous young supercargo thought he'd play a trick on the captain, and every day set back the bookmark. After this occurred two or three times, the captain, suspicious of the joke, rose, and before he began to read remarked: "We seem to be having head winds through the book of Daniel." So was it at the Conference. We may have got nowhere, but there is no uncertainty at all as to the basic feeling of faith in China, her past and her future. That faith in China will grow because it is in the nature of China to win the world to her. From a superliberal regard for China, this collection of Americans of almost every walk of life came away with respect fortified and reassured to the point of conviction.

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The Worm in the Rose

An editorial from the Chicago "Tribune" and a reply

A RECENT number of The Outlook, a weekly magazine, contains an article by its contributing editor, Lawrence F. Abbott, which he calls "Impressions of Chicago." Mr. Abbott places our new building first among his impressions. He speaks of it as "towering on the lake front, a creation of Gothic beauty, a monument to the genius which has enabled American architecture to make out of the sky-scraper an original contribution to the progress of mankind." Having said all that, he wonders how it can be that so sinister an institution as the Chicago "Tribune" can clothe itself in a robe so resplendent. Such a building, you can almost hear him say, is one worthy of The Outlook herself in the days when my father ran it. There she could pass her declining years in tranquillity.

Mr. Abbott is not the first to say we are a well-dressed villain and we suppose he will not be the last. A newly arrived rector of a north side congregation made the same observation from his pulpit recently. Mr. Abbott says we print too much news about murders and that we use on our front page "screaming headlines in black-face, stud-horse type." But he—and perhaps the clergyman, too—dislike us for a deeper reason. They think we are beastly because we are opposed to the Volstead Law and the Prohibition Amendment and don't care who knows it. Mr. Abbott thinks the Prohibition Amendment is a great experiment in social and political progress and ought to be supported without protest.

There are a good many people who share that opinion. They call us the world's wettest newspaper, though we never have advised any one to take a drink and we never have said that liquor is good for men even in small quantities. What we have said is that temperance will never be won by Constitutional amendment and we have repeatedly taken occasion to point out the political and social evils arising from the attempt to enforce an unenforceable law. We said these things out loud, sometimes with "black-face, stud-horse type," in Mr. Abbott's elegant expression. He may find it possible to whisper to his circulation, but our auditorium is somewhat more ample. We have to raise our voice if those in the back seats are to hear. We expect to go right on raising it in the interest of personal liberty.

Nowadays you seldom see the phrase "personal liberty" without quotation marks around it. The quotation marks are put there by the Abbotts. The quotation marks are intended to convey the thought that the people who talk about personal liberty aren't in the least interested in any such abstraction; and that what they really want is a chance to do some uninterrupted guzzling.

However, we are for personal liberty and we make no apologies for it. We do not want our morality wrapped in cotton wool and kept in the vault for fear something will happen to it. We believe this world contains good and evil and that men and women must choose the one or the other for themselves. That is what morals are for. We have heard clergymen say the same thing from the pulpit and quote appropriate Scripture in confirmation, though it is true they were not speaking of prohibition at the moment.

We do not believe that the prohibition of liquor is the sort of thing that belongs in the Constitution of the country. The Constitution is the outline of our governmental system and of the rights and duties of citizenship. Prohibition doesn't belong there. We have been accused of inconsistency because we do not actively oppose laws controlling the sale of habit-forming drugs. We reply that we should oppose prohibition of drugs by Constitutional amendment if that were proposed. It is not proposed simply because the vast majority of the people are agreed upon the evil inherent in the free traffic in opiates and no great body of citizens has to be coerced into obeying the narcotic laws.

In regard to liquor, on the contrary, a majority of the population in the great urban centers of the country, as referendums have shown, opposes prohibition. They will drink despite the Constitution because they see no moral wrong in it. We have said and we repeat that Constitutional prohibition will fail as it has failed. We see no reason to change our opinion, even though Federal prohibition enforcers are shifted about and replaced, and the Constitutional guaranties of jury trial and immunity from unwarranted search are beaten down as if drinking were a more serious crime than murder.

That is the sinister spirit some good people think we are hiding under our bright robes. We are glad, at any rate, that they like our taste in clothes.

September 18, 1925.

DEAR SIR:

Aren't you barking up the wrong tree?

I can find no reference in Mr. Abbott's editorial to the Chicago "Tribune's" policy in regard to prohibition. I do not think that he had it in mind. It is conceivable that he may not even have been aware of it.

Possibly a few facts in regard to The Outlook's own editorial policy may be of interest to you.

The Outlook believes that the Prohibition Amendment, still on trial, should be given an honest trial. It believes in law enforcement.

It has never questioned and never will question the right of any man or any journal to work for the modification or repeal of any law or any part of our National Constitution, providing only that it is sought to bring about modification or repeal by strictly Constitutional methods. The Chicago "Tribune" can work for the abolition of the Eighteenth Amendment or the establishment of a Soviet government or an hereditary monarchy within the confines of the United States if it so chooses. The Outlook would under such circumstances condemn the judgment of the "Tribune," and with equal vigor defend the "Tribune's" right to put forward such pleas.

The Outlook is not afraid of the truth. It does not wish the Prohibition Amendment or any other measure passed by Congress or the Legislatures of our several States to stand upon a false basis.

During the past year The Outlook's own correspondent, Ernest W. Mandeville, gave in a series of articles a summary of the evils which have come upon the country as a result of the Prohibition Amendment. If I remember correctly, in his articles he quoted and indorsed certain statistics gathered by the Chicago "Tribune." Mr. Mandeville's and The Outlook's conclusions have been fully corroborated by the exhaustive investigation conducted under the auspices of the Federal Council of Churches. The Outlook, by the way, was the first journal in America to put before the public the courageous findings of that survey.

I may add that Mr. Lawrence Abbott, our Contributing Editor, is free to express his own opinions without regard to the editorial policy of The Outlook. If he were here at the office, I am certain, however, that he would indorse our statement in regard to our editorial policy on prohibition. We can likewise, as scores of our readers have done, indorse his statements concerning the Chicago "Tribune." Sincerely yours,

HAROLD T. PULSIFER,
President.

Editor of the Chicago "Tribune,"
Chicago, Illinois.

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What's Wrong with Reclamation?

An interview by William C. Gregg with

Hubert Work, Secretary of the Interior

"MR. SECRETARY, you are a Westerner?"

"Yes."

"When you assumed the office of Secretary of the Interior, what was wrong in the Reclamation Department?"

"Many settlers living on irrigation projects were not paying the Government the amounts due under contracts. The deficits ran into the millions. Farm and market conditions on the projects were unsatisfactory. I appointed a fact-finding committee to investigate all sides of reclamation and make recommendations."

"Why were these men selected almost exclusively from the West? It is a National problem."

"True, and these six men were Nationally prominent as well as conversant with the West. Perhaps I was influenced because I knew them to be sympathetic with the West. Their report of April, 1924, and recommendations were unanimous, and I have been following them since."

"Mr. Secretary, do you understand the criticisms of some people in the West to be directed at the report of these Western experts or at you for disturbing the old order of things by appointing them?"

"The criticisms have come from people impatient because things have gone wrong. The American people themselves through Congress laid out the plan and established the safeguards and limits for reclamation. Those in charge of reclamation have been carrying out the laws to the best of their ability. Where discretionary power was permitted, mistakes were sometimes made because of lack of experience.

"The Good Book somewhere says that some things may be wanted that are not 'expedient.' Theoretically, the storage of water and the use of it to grow crops in the desert appeals to all. The Go-Getter said over twenty years ago: 'It must be done *now*.' 'How?' 'Why, Uncle Sam owns the rivers, he owns the lands. Let him build the dams and the canals; settlers will repay out of their profits.' The American people were interested and sympathetic. As we look back, we see ten or fifteen large undertakings started almost at the same time and managed by a newly created Government bureau, almost before it had time to hang up its hat in the corner. The expenditures involved were well over

(C) Edmonston

Hubert Work, Secretary of the Interior

$100,000,000. If the Reclamation Department had taken the time to test a single experiment to its conclusion before starting on the big programme, many, many millions would have been saved, but our enterprising Westerners would not have been satisfied.

"To-day we have over 6,000 farms with no farmers on them. The Government has invested about $200,000,000 in reclamation projects, of which $27,000,000 will probably never be collected. We have, worst of all, a disposition on the part of some delinquent settlers to repudiate their debts, regardless of their ability to pay.

"Reclamation may be so managed that it is wholesome and beneficial or so *mis*-managed that it is brought into ill repute. I believe it may be possible ultimately to get 6,000 farmers onto those abandoned or vacant farms. Congress can charge off the $27,000,000 to experience. But unless Congress sustains this Department in its efforts to collect the debts due the Government from those able to pay, *reclamation is doomed*.

"The number of people who have not paid and the vigor of their opposition to payment have had a progressive increase. The amount due and uncollected for the year 1924 alone amounted to over three million dollars.

"Nothing could be more demoralizing than for the Government to ignore these delinquencies or weakly evade attempting to collect them. Justice to the irrigator who, year after year, has met his payments to the Nation which advanced the money and to those projects that are meeting their payments on time requires that irrigation debts to the Government should be collected as taxes are collected.

"For a number of years the practice in granting relief has been to give it to everybody on a project. This year a new policy was adopted of requiring every individual asking for a postponement of his payments to show the reasons for such a request. These individuals are all dealt with in a sympathetic spirit. That in some cases this has been carried too far is shown by the numerous purchases of motor cars by those who have obtained our agreement to postpone their contract payments. On the other hand, where in one case nothing had been paid for six years by a delinquent our threat of a collection suit brought a check for over $9,000.

"On one project which asked for the deferment of all payments this year over $300,000 has been collected, although many individual payments were postponed. On another, where the petition stated that no one could pay, irrigators were given the privilege of meeting the payment in five installments. When opposition to this proposition developed, we served notice that water would be turned off. This resulted in payments being made by over 2,800 settlers, or ninety per cent.

"On another project where 55 irrigators had paid nothing for from four to six years direction to turn off the water unless one year's charges were paid brought payments from 45 of the 55 irrigators.

"Of course, many private debts are pressing and the price of farm produce has for several years failed to give the settlers the desired amount of working capital. I have felt sympathetic with all

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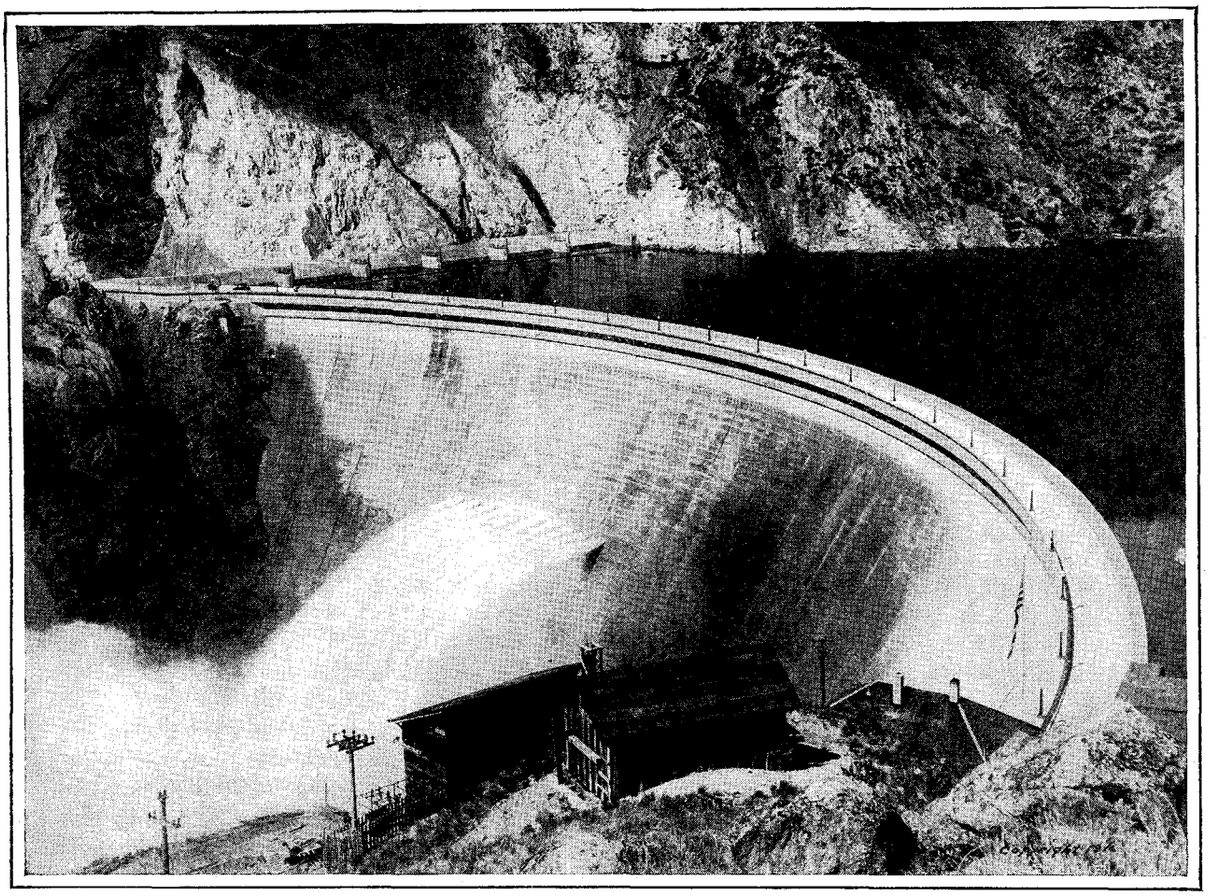
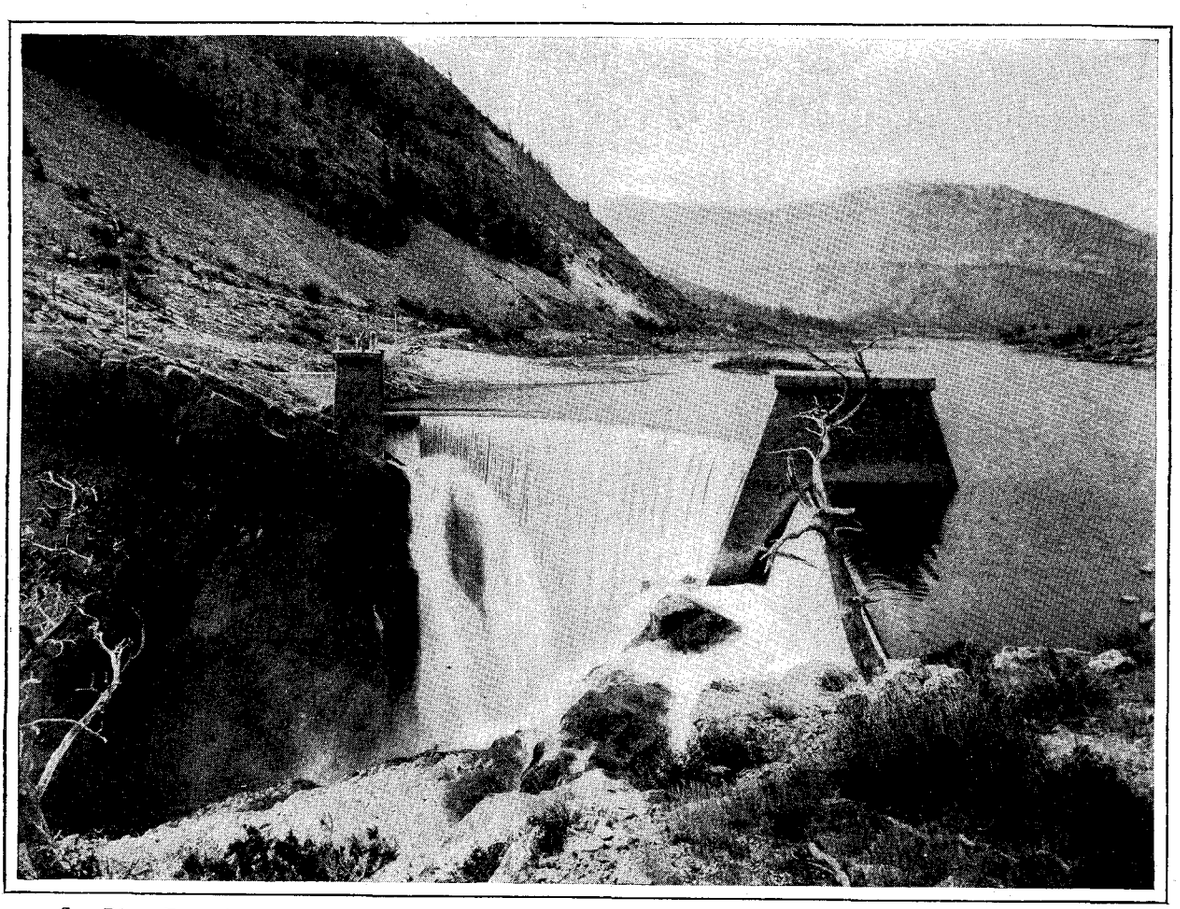


Arrowrock Reservoir; Boisé, Idaho, project. It furnishes water for 5,000 farms. With careful management and patient co-operation, ultimate success seems assured



Sun River Dam, Montana. Millions of Uncle Sam's money have gone into this project, but less than thirty per cent of its irrigation capacity is being used. Many farmers seem to rely on rain, because it is cheaper. The mistakes of the past make problems for the present

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such conditions and have recommended helpful legislation and we have practiced helpful administration. I have advised reductions in the interest rates which Congress enacted and the deferring of payments by worthy but temporarily insolvent settlers. We might even try to plan payments so that local creditors can be assisted.

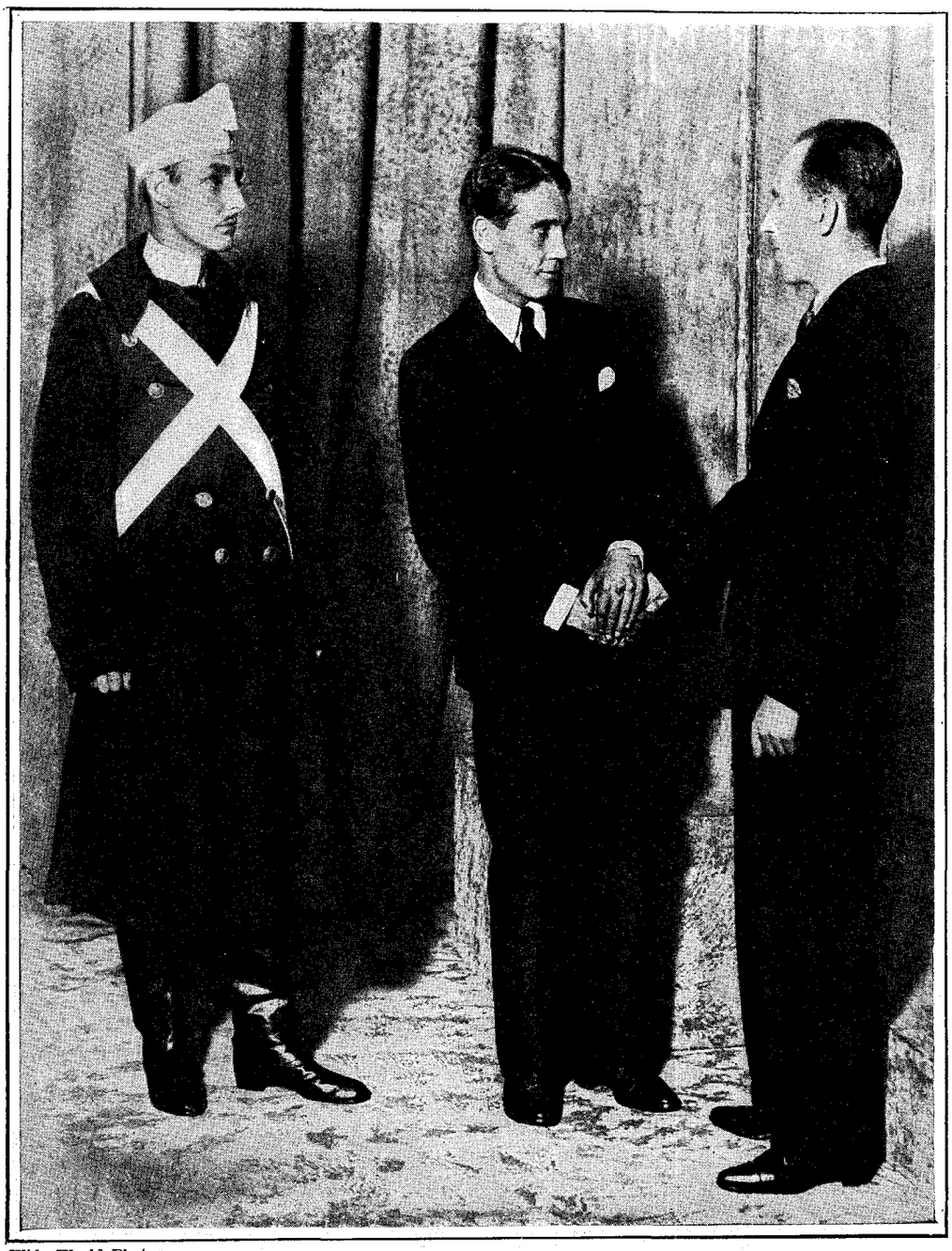
"I believe, because of the sympathetic co-operation of Congress, together with the teachings of experience, that we are entering on a period in the history of Federal reclamation that will see it established on a permanent foundation."

Hamlet in a Lounge Suit

A London Drama Letter by C. LEWIS HIND

IT is a long time since I have spent so engrossing and stimulating an evening in the theater as last night, when I saw Sir Barry Jackson's (knighted for his services to the drama, especially in connection with the Birmingham Repertory Theatre) presentation of "Hamlet" in modern clothes.

Half-way through the performance a remark made to me some years ago by an eminent actress when we were witnessing a typical costume play came to mind. She said, "Why is it, when the ladies and gentlemen of my profession put on clothes of a former day they at once cease to speak and act like human beings?" Let me say at once that this performance of "Hamlet" in modern clothes seemed to me to free the actors from the tyranny of stereotyped tradition much in the way that the great post-impressionist artists freed painting from the tyranny of the studio stereotyped convention. And I have seen all the great Hamlets of modern times, from Irving's profoundly temperamental rendering of the part to the delicate spirituality of Forbes-Robertson's performance. Their Hamlets dominated the stage, as did Ellen Terry's Ophelia. Shakespeare withdrew, or was withdrawn; we were hypnotized by the interpreters. In Barrymore's production of "Hamlet" the personality of the actors was lessened. The text came splendidly over the footlights. I said at the conclusion, "Never before in the theater have I realized and enjoyed the greatness of Shakespeare so fully!" But the performance of "Hamlet" in modern clothes was all Shakespeare. It was strange. Irving and Forbes-Robertson gave us wonderful evenings—evenings to cherish—but the company collected by Sir Barry Jackson, mostly young and untried actors, gave us Shakespeare. The problem that he presented to his world became a twentieth-century problem, and it was due to our silly modern clothes. But those silly modern clothes freed the ac-



Wide World Photos

Marcellus, Hamlet, and Horatio

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tors, and enabled them to act as human beings, not as stage types.

I admit that it was a shock to be confronted by a Hamlet in a black suit of dittoes, a dog collar, a black tie, and a wrist-watch, but it all seemed quite natural when he made his first aside, "A little more than kin, and less than kind." And it was a shock to see the Queen in a modern flimsy dress, with the fashionable amount of flesh-colored stockings showing beneath; but it all seemed quite natural when she said,

> Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off
> And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Polonius, too! For the first time I had an affection for that sententious, shrewd, silly wise lord chamberlain. Was it the frock coat? Was it the flap collar? Was it the goatee beard? At any rate, I seemed to understand for the first time the Polonius that Shakespeare drew.

But the triumph was King Claudius. Have we not all suffered from generations of actors who have played him bearded and mouthing, so outrageous a villain that we became indifferent to his crimes? Here he is sinister and clean-shaven; he wears the right kind of striped trousers, a padded morning coat, and patent-leather shoes with box-cloth tops; and as for his villainy (was it owing to his clothes?)—he became like any nefarious magnate who, having committed one crime, must indulge in others to conceal it. When he was troubled King Claudius lighted a cigarette, when he was desperate he drank a whisky-and-soda, and nobody in the audience tittered; it seemed natural.

As for the young men—Horatio, Laertes, Rosencrantz, and Guilderstern—they became young men of our day, acting naturally, not fantastically garbed strutting actors.

Ophelia is a flapper—a silhouette, a young love-sick, distracted girl of to-day. There is real passion—young and impulsive—in the final scene between her and Hamlet.

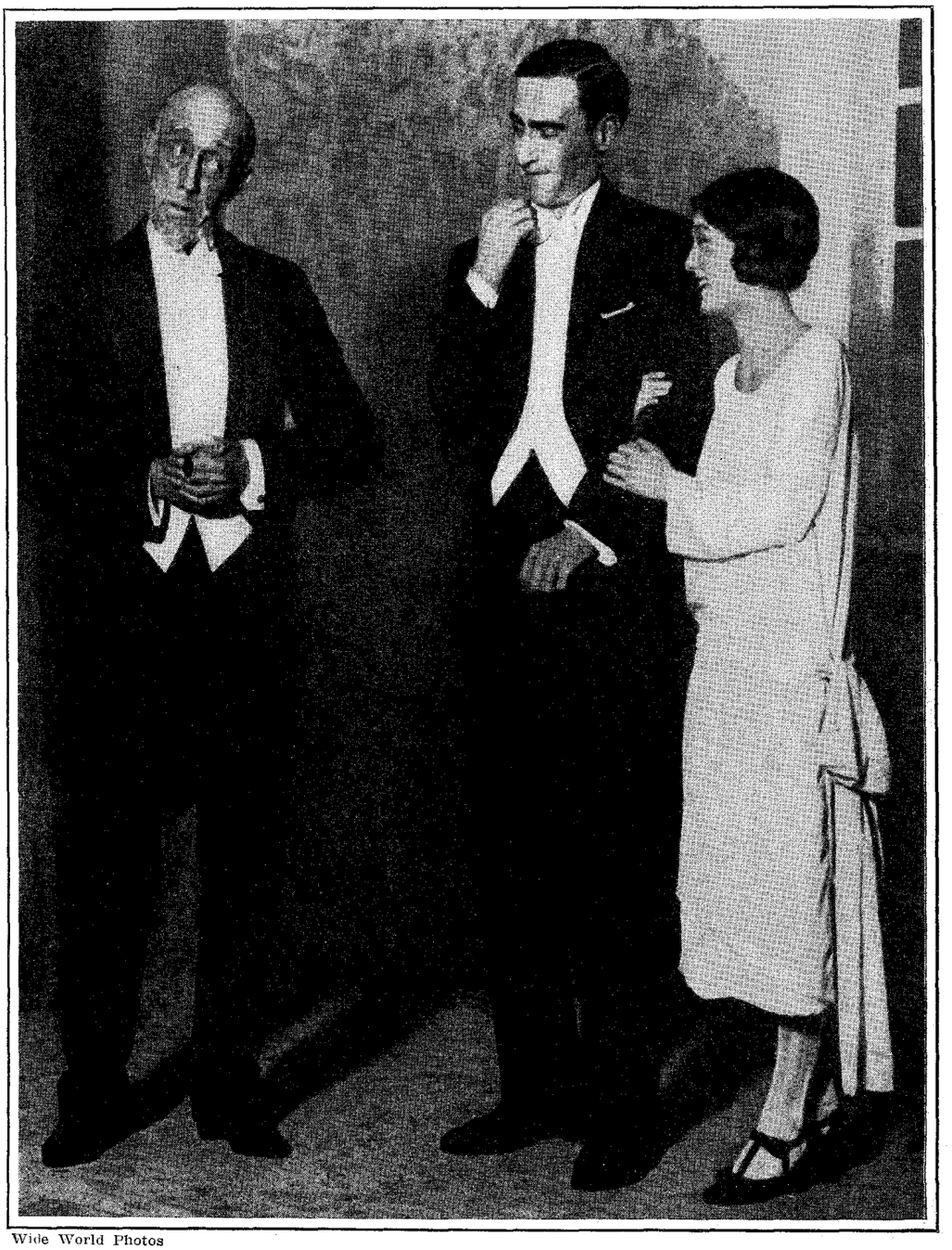
The Play Scene becomes credible, which it rarely does in orthodox performances. It is credible because the strolling players are in costume, therefore unnatural; and because the King and Queen, Hamlet, Ophelia, and the Court look like a modern audience watching a play.

The First Gravedigger wears a bowler hat and smokes a short pipe; it seems quite natural. Nothing of the humor of the scene is lost. Hamlet appears at Ophelia's grave in a golfing suit, and Horatio stands by sorrowfully in a white Trilby hat.

The fight between Hamlet and Laertes in the grave is a splendid tussle. It excited us as if it were a modern melodrama.

When Hamlet kills Polonius, he is wearing a dinner jacket. How about the sword? you ask. Quite simple. There is a decorative "man in armor" in the apartment. Hamlet seizes his sword; it seems quite natural.

I have stressed the modern dresses, because that was the point of the performance. By the second scene I had ceased to notice them. The effect on me of "Hamlet" in modern dress is that I came away from the theater impressed more than ever by the might, majesty, power, dominion, and beauty of the mind of Shakespeare.



Wide World Photos

Polonius, Laertes, and Ophelia

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Irish "Wit" and Irish "Humor"

By SHAW DESMOND

Author of "The Drama of Sinn Fein," "Passion," "Gods," etc.

THE Irish people are a "witty" people, not a "humorous." And yet they have a sort of humor, too, which is an Irishman's way of putting it.

There is more sense of the humorous, not "sense of humor," which is another thing entirely, in the little finger of the Englishman than in the brain and body of the Irishman. The Irish are much too deadly in earnest, much too "desperate," to be humorous. "Humorousness," of which "humorsomeness" is a part, not "humor," needs a certain indifference to life for its efflorescence. No Irishman is "indifferent to life." Only to death.

The world can never learn anything about the Irishman because the Irishman can never learn anything about himself.

The stupid old world conceives the Irishman as the man with the red tow hair, the long upper lip, the devil-may-care leer of the eye, and the tendency to whisky and profanity of the music-hall presentation. If it comes to that, the world's concept of any nationality, from Jew to German or from Saxon to San Franciscan, is the music-hall concept. The world has an incurable tendency to "slapstick."

If the man with the lip and the lingo is the true Irishman, what are and were Swift and Shaw, Griffith and De Valera, Parnell and John Redmond? The Irishman, especially when he is Welshman or Scot, is enormously, disastrously varied.

The world believes the Irishman to be a being of a sense of the humorous that is devastating. And of course it mixes "wit" with "humor" much as a Parisian mixes whisky—that is, anyhow and anyway—whereas the two should be as segregated as a Scotchman's whisky and water.

As a Nationalist member said in the British House of Commons in excusing a wittily vitriolic outburst: "Wit and humor, Misther Shpeaker, are a different pair of legs entirely to sayin' what you don't mean at the time you sez it, for that's another pair of boots on the other leg."

The Irish "bull" is "wit." The humor of the "Irish" music-hall comedian is "humor," as indeed is the joking of Lever's and Lover's characters—characters that often existed only in the imagination of the writer. The difference between the two things is that while "wit" is almost always allusive and elusive, "humor" is as downright and as plain as the red nose on the comedian's face. The former runs through the Irishman's speech as the bubbles through the champagne glass. The latter in Ireland is rare.

The Irishman's "wit" has nearly always "a kick in the tail of it." It is almost invariably touched with irony where it is not absolutely sardonic. And when the Irishman lets himself go in that form of wit known as the "bull" he usually knows exactly what he is saying, but pretends that he doesn't.

The laundress who in a criticism of two of her customers said, "Mr. George is a very dirrty man. He'll wear as many as four shirts in a week! Mr. William's very clane. He wouldn't soil but two in a fortnight!" knew very well what she was saying in that twilight of the Irish imagination which, in the Irish wit, is so often "the Twilight of the Gods." For it is the twilight of paradox, of the Irishman, who, being four-dimensional, can only express himself in the paradox of the "bull."

NO constituent of the Irish complex is more misunderstood than that of the Irish wit. Where it is not used to mask the real meaning of the man who uses it, it is used to scarify. Many times as a boy in Ireland I have seen the English, rarely the American, tourist blandly "having Irish Paddy," as he believed, when all the time the grinning effigy driving him was "having him," and having him to some purpose. In that inimitable "John Bull's Other Island" preface, in which Bernard Shaw, whose prefaces are even better than his plays, says, "The Irishman drunk is like the Englishman in love," and in the play itself, where Keegan, the unfrocked priest, says, "My way of joking is to tell the truth," there is the bitter sting of Irish wit.

Yet I have seen an audience at the Court Theatre, London, sit through three hours of "John Bull's Other Island," laughing to death under the lash of Shaw's wit, which they mistook for a caress instead of a cat-o'-nine-tails.

"Wit" always has psychological analysis, and with it the scalpel of the surgeon for its heart. "Humor," or, as I prefer to call it, using the term as I am using it now, "sense of the humorous," is almost invariably lacking in the analytical sense. The difference between scalpel and "slapstick."

"Wit" always leaves something to the imagination; "humor," little.

The Irishman is so deeply troubled about life, so pathologically introspective (one of his chief failings), that "humor" to him is difficult. It might even be said of him, as of the Scotsman who was asked whether he ever joked, that "he jokes wi' deeficulty."

I make one statement without fear of adequate contradiction or even challenge. The mirth of the Irishman, another name for his "wit," apparently always ready to spring forth, has its origin in his hypersensitiveness and desire to mask his feelings. The upper and middle class Englishman has something of the same, but that dry humor of suppression of self and almost boastful modesty of the Englishman who has done something worth doing and appears not to want the world to know about it nearly always takes the form of "humor" rather than of wit.

BUT it would be untrue to say that Ireland has no sense of humor.

The small boy who, after the Dublin Rising in 1916, with an enormous sporting cap on his head, a red golfing jacket on his back, and a pair of costly Goerz lenses slung over his shoulder, was seen hitting a gold watch with a golf club in the Dublin streets and, after gravely raising the Goerz to his eyes, calling "Fore!" had a sense of humor undeniable.

So had the little fifteen-year-old girl who, carrying a basket of bombs under some cauliflowers, and finding herself trapped by two raiding parties of Black and Tans coming in at either end of a Dublin street, coolly knocked at the door of a prominent Unionist and left her bombs in the hall, with the remark: "If the soldiers come here and find the bombs, you'll be finished from the English side. If you give us away, you will be finished by us. Good-morning." But it was the sardonic humor in which the Irishman delights, especially when he is a woman of the Sinn Fein type!

I speak of that sense of the desperate which in the Irishman so often precludes the sense of the humorous. A waitress in a Cork restaurant who during the troubles was serving a Black and Tan of redoubtable reputation was approached

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by a Sinn Fein emissary with the remark: "Hurry up serving that fellow. He has to be shot at two o'clock." But he said it in perfect seriousness, the sardonic humor of the situation never even crossing his mind.

The greatest satirist of all time, Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, had this "dark" humor to a high degree. Even the lightsomeness of his wit had often the black cloud of the sardonic for its background. It is seen in his "Gulliver's Travels" in the country where men serve horses, as in the country of the Lilliputs with its lightning play of ironic fantasy. Shaw, the greatest satirist of our time, is Swift's legitimate successor, of the same breed and type, a man who, like Swift, conceals the most serious purpose of his time as one of the most affectionate and loving of natures under the veil of witty satire, in which he loves to enshroud himself.

"Beware of the Irishman when he laughs and of the Englishman when he is silent," the word might run. The quantity and quality of hard griping will in driving a bargain that an Irish pig-jobber or shopkeeper can conceal behind a cloud of wit would be inconceivable to any who were not initiate.

Speaking of pig-jobbers and the sense of the humorous, or its lack, a member of the Irish Republican Army told me that in a fight in which he took part in the west of Ireland, and in which a train full of pig-jobbers and British soldiers was held up, a very fat jobber practically rolled out of his carriage and under the train in order to escape the hail of bullets, he being joined by an English cockney Tommy. Pulling out his beads, the jobber began to pray frantically, rolling out his "Hail Marys" by the dozen and interjecting between his prayers such exclamations as: "O Lord, we're done! 'Tis killed I am!" what time he sweated with fear. Whenever he stopped praying for want of breath, the Tommy crouching near him would jolt him in the ribs, adjuring him: "That's right, mate, carry on. I ain't got any prayers myself, but that's right, mate, carry on, carry on!"

In this case it is safe to say that both Englishman and Irishman lacked for the time a sense of humor.

THE Irish Rebellion of 1916 was fought to the accompaniment of a corruscation of wit possibly unequaled in contemporary history. The men engaged in it did not "joke." That is, they were not "humorous." But witty they were, even in the face of death.

In an ambush at Williamstown, on the borders of Cork and Kerry, in which two soldiers of the Irish Republican army were engaged who a short time before, for fighting, had been "bound over to keep the peace" by their commandant, who was a strict disciplinarian, the ambushers, waiting for the Black and Tan lorries, passed the time by playing football. When the lorries were signaled, the two men in question showed extraordinary reluctance to move to their hiding-places, one of them saying to the commandant that "it was ag'in' his conscience."

"Damn your conscience!" said the maddened officer; "it's too late to think of that now. Why don't you get to your place?"

"Sure I can't," was the reply, given with an inimitable side-glance; "haven't I just been bound over to keep the peace?"

That was wit. The following story, also taken from the recent Irish troubles, shows, one would say, the sometimes subtle difference between "wit" and "humor."

Going one day into the General Post Office, Dublin—not the one smashed to pieces in the Rising, but the temporary office opposite—I was interested to hear two of the clerks discussing, with much minutiæ and a bloodthirsty detail that was hair-raising, "the best way to 'remove' the fat, comfortable 'peeler' or policeman who had been set to guard a post office in which nine clerks out of ten were extreme Sinn Feiners, the policeman in question standing with his back to them not ten yards outside the brass railing where his tormentors were speaking, and trembling visibly.

Of course "they would not have hurt a hair of his bald head," as one of them put it to me, but, as Kipling would say, that is another story. The point of interest is that "humor," even though a humor sardonic, rather than "wit," was the thing behind this conversation. Yet at times it is a distinction without a difference.

THE bon mot and turn of phrase of the "professional" wit has rarely found its home in the Irish brain. To the Irishman, if he could put it into words, it would be simply "mental gymnastic." The Irishman likes "bite" in his humor, as the long line of "gleemen" and ballad singers has shown.

Blind gleemen like Moran, born in 1794 in Faddle Alley, Dublin, as the roaming ballad-singers of my own childhood with their screeds at "a penny a time" hung over the arm, had always the "sting" in the tail of their ballads. They were witty, with an extraordinary capacity for improvisation and repartee. Sometimes they were frankly, broadly humorous, as in Moran's own parody of "Moses," one of his famous poems:

In Egypt's land, contagious to the Nile,
King Pharaoh's daughter went to bathe in style.
She tuk her dip, then walked unto the land;
To dry her royal pelt, she ran along the strand.
A bulrush tripped her, whereupon she saw
A smiling babby in a wad o' straw.
She tuk it up and said in accents mild,
"Tare-an'-agers, girls, which av yez owns the child?"

This man, it was said, "had the whole of the Middle Ages under his frieze coat," and with it such a fund of dry and at times diabolical wit that all loved and feared him.

That strange wild fowl of no fixed breed, Dunsany, who is as English as he is Irish and as cosmopolitan as either, has a wit so subtle and at times so biting that in a sense he may be regarded as blood-brother of those great Irish satirists Swift and Shaw. He is never "humorous" in the broad sense of the word.

In that suggestive little piece of "The Bureau d'Échange de Maux," that vanishing haunting shop where "a wondrously evil old man" with fat, fallen cheeks and sinful eye sits to preside over the exchange of evils and misfortunes by people who believed that the other fellow's trouble is less than their own, we have irony, satire, and wit blended in the true Irish alchemy.

See the blend in the man who, having taken poison and with only twelve hours to live, rushed into the shop to exchange death for something else. He did. He got "life"!

Or the broader humor of the city of Perdónaris and the battle of the bargains between the merchant, who said that "if he offered a piffek more the poor folk would have to go without their toomarunds when the winter came and without their tollub in the evenings," and the captain, who thereupon lifted his scimitar to his own throat, saying that "now he was a ruined man, and that nothing remained to him but death." And, finally, the conclusion of the bargain as the merchant offers five piffeks more and breaks down, as does the captain, the former because, owing to the hard-heartedness of the captain, he and his father must starve, the latter because he has been deserted by his gods.

The humor of Dunsany's gods in "The Gods of Pegana" is such a fine combination of "wit" and "humor" that no man can say which is which, something that

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is also true of his "Kith of the Elf-Folk." Dunsany may be called a "fantastic humorist." All true fantasy has humor.

All of which means that the Irishman, whether poet or priest, peasant or townsman, is wit rather than humorist, using his wit, when artist, as the sugar-coat on the pill of reality, and so helping its deglutition if not always its assimilation. For the pill of the Irishman's humor is often bitter.

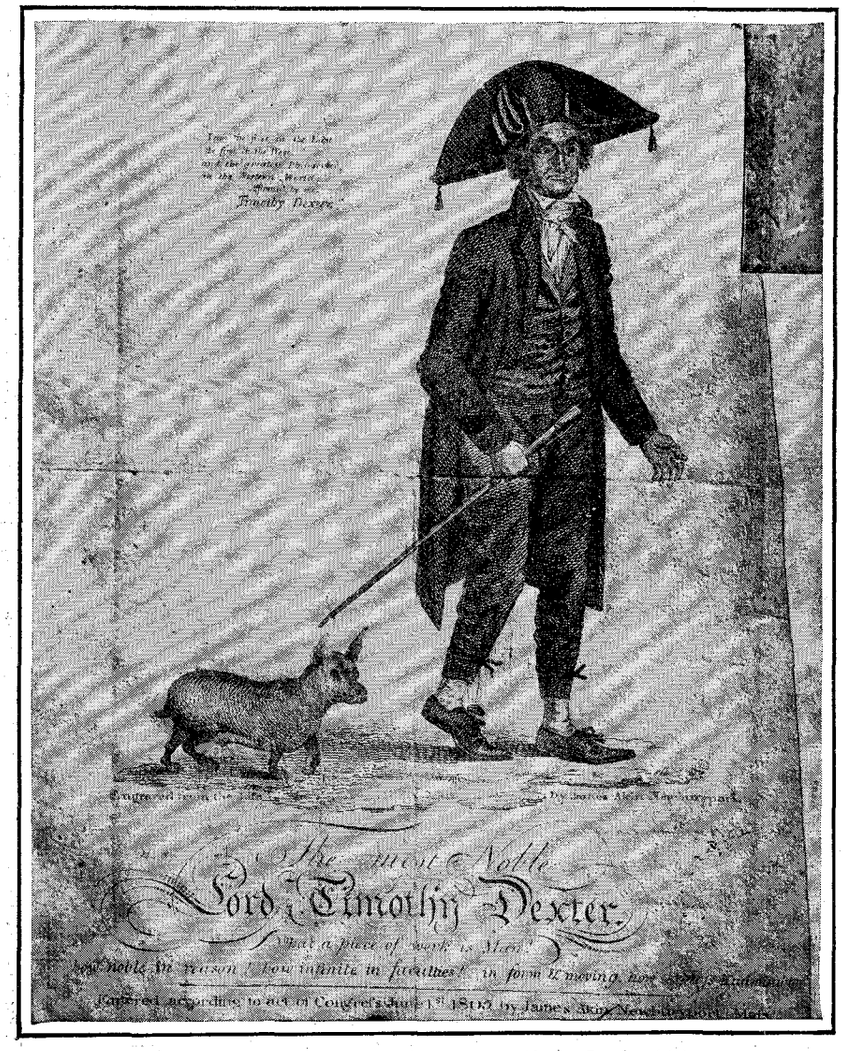
The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

The Yankee Lord

MR. JOHN P. MARQUAND, the novelist, has written the life of Lord Timothy Dexter.[1] Nearly a hundred years ago Samuel L. Knapp, a now forgotten writer, published a book about Dexter, partly founded on his own recollections of that person. Almost half a century later William C. Todd wrote a severely critical historical essay for the purpose of exploding some of the Dexterian myths. Both men disapproved of Lord Timothy, and it is clear that Mr. Todd resented the fact that an extraordinary eccentric should have his name forever associated with the city of Newburyport. Mr. Marquand has written far and away the best book of any of them. As a biographer he is neither romanticist nor Puritan; he has studied his sources with care and energy, and clearly he longs to believe in all the attractive legends which clustered around Dexter's name. Since Knapp and Todd passed away the historical school of Lytton Strachey has arisen, and in this country Mr. Werner is resurrecting the strange figures of Barnum and Brigham Young. Queen Victoria emerged from Mr. Strachey's book rather as a heroine than as a figure of fun, and Brigham Young does not diminish but rather grows under the searchlight of his latest biographer.

[1] Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, Mass. By J. P. Marquand. Minton, Balch & Co., New York. $3.50.



Lord Timothy Dexter, engraved from life by James Akin

Dexter did not found a State, nor, although he called himself the greatest philosopher in the Western world, did he manage the greatest show on earth. The tame lion which he exhibited in his garden and the preposterous collection of wooden statues which he set up in front of his house have all vanished. Not even Mr. Marquand can say exactly where one of them is to be found. Many Americans will learn for the first time from the pages of this delightful book of the leather dresser of Newburyport who arose in fame and fortune shortly after the Revolution, bought the show place of the town, made money by shipping warming-pans to the West Indies, celebrated his own funeral and beat his wife because she did not weep artistically, wrote an extraordinary pamphlet in which he anticipated James Joyce by abolishing punctuation, and has been lying quietly at rest in the Old Hill burying-ground for one hundred and nineteen years.

Mr. Marquand sees Timothy Dexter as an excrescence upon the body politic, but also as a hero and a humorist. Dexter was no fool, and his present discerning biographer, by a careful study of the book "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones," is led to believe that he enjoyed raising a laugh even at his own expense. "There is hardly a more outrageous character in all our social phenomena," writes Mr. Marquand, "than this untrammeled individual." Nor in many ways, despite his many weaknesses, a more amusing or lovable one. The material for a full-length biography of Dexter is not great, but the author of this book has solved the difficulty by painting him as a grotesque and fascinating figure against the background of a golden age of New England prosperity. In Newburyport, at the time when Dexter came thither from his birthplace in Malden, lived eminent jur-

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MACMILLAN FALL BOOKS

Joan of Arc—Maid of France *by Albert Bigelow Paine*

This is more than a mere biography of Joan of Arc. It is Joan herself—Joan as seen by her playmates, her comrades in battle, her judges, those who went with her to the stake, by the testimony and letters of Joan herself. It is the first authoritative story in English of the peasant girl of France who at seventeen led a nation's armies. Unknown in January, in July she crowned a king. Two volumes. $10.00

Calvin Coolidge: the Man Who Is President

by William Allen White

Mr. White, himself a country-town man, tells Coolidge's story and presents his picture with a sympathetic understanding which is most convincing. He indulges in no eulogies and presents what he considers Coolidge's weaknesses as well as his strong points. The result is an honest and interesting portrait of the man and the President. $3.50

The Life and Letters of Thomas Jefferson

by Francis W. Hirst

The first English biography of Thomas Jefferson. $5.00

The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh

Edited by Lady Raleigh

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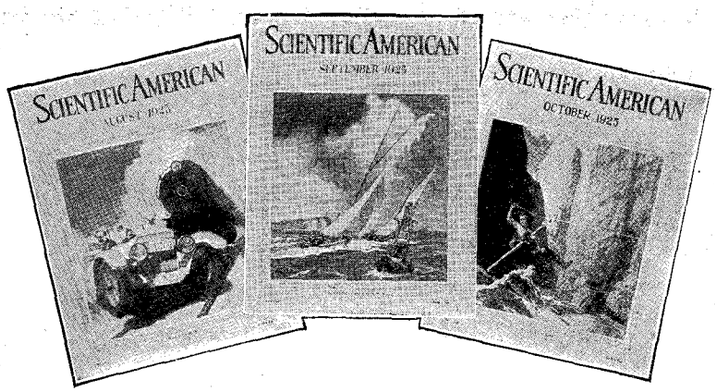

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ists and lawyers; friends of the great Washington; and also merchants as important in their day as Henry Ford in ours; and an inventor who was perhaps Edison's parallel of his time. But their names are forgotten except to local historians. As Mr. Marquand says, one feels diffidence in recalling their names, so important once, for there is an inescapable irony connected with them. Instead of them, "a roistering, intoxicated parvenu comes marching back." Oddly and ridiculously, "Timothy Dexter alone comes down the century free from the injustice of crowding new events."

Newburyporters have not always relished this. Neither do the folk of Salem care to have their patriotic history and their commercial glories forgotten for an eternal repetition of the slander of their having "burned" the witches. It is not a source of unalloyed happiness to the native of Fall River, on his travels, to find that strangers neglect to ask about the prosperity of this busy town, and are merely interested in one citizeness who achieved most undesirable notoriety in the 1890's. But Newburyport may indeed feel pride in this new picture of her past as it has been painted by one of her sons. She already possessed, in the four volumes by the late John James Currier, what are probably the best histories written of any town in the United States. She now has a book about her greatest oddity, which is at once good biography, delicious satire, and loyal appreciation of the place and the times. It is a curious and pleasant thought—that of Mr. Marquand pursuing his researches among the files of the old Newburyport "Herald," and doing it in the cellar which once stored the wines of Lord Timothy Dexter, and is now the newspaper room of the Public Library.

Here is the description of Dexter's approach on foot to the town where he was to make his fortune:

> Possibly, despite his highest hopes and his magic book, Dexter himself never guessed that day that a time would come when he would roll back on that very Boston road in his own coach with his own exquisitely matched, silver-bitted horses, not an artisan with tan stain on his fingers, but a philanthropist and a philosopher pillowed in soft cushions. Beyond the lower green of Newbury and beyond a scattering of farm-houses, whose owners tilled their original family grants, as many of their descendants still do, the road veered slightly to the left, and ascended a gentle slope, from whence, on the right hand fields and orchards declined gradually downwards to a plain of golden marshes with cocks of hay raised on stakes above the tide. Further still the

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marshes ended on a long low line of sand hills, where an island of dunes, still known as Plum Island, raised a barrier to the sea, and from that distance it also shone like gold beneath the sun. It was a symbolic sight, fit to spur a great man's mind to action, for even now, on any clear afternoon Plum Island continues to give the appearance of a heap of treasure, washed to land by a nautical god of plenty that all may seize their fill.

Certainly no one whose early memories go back to one of these old seaports can read without emotion Mr. Marquand's paragraph describing the spot where Timothy Dexter set up his shop as a leather dresser and displayed the Sign of the Glove:

> Dexter's corner fronts to-day a quiet small-town street, where a love of fame, however poignant, should by rights perish in the reek of hides and the daily haggle of a tradesman's life, but things were different then. A single property alone remains to the environment, a single reminiscent aura is left it, and that is all. It is a smell of salt water which reaches there; and that hint of the sea is always fresh, always poignant, always new. The sea is out there still, the sea which built the houses of that half-forgotten port, which once tinged all the life, and brought breadth and wealth and worldly wisdom. When Timothy Dexter worked at his hides close to the river bank, the sea was nearer than it. is to-day. The sea was in the wind, and voice and thought and prayer and epitaph. Lives and hopes came in with the sea and went out on the swirling tide. From the Sign of the Glove it was less than a minute's walk to the water's edge, and the water was a threshold to El Dorado then.

The author has made a number of discoveries, and investigated with great care Dexter's rise to fortune, and the authenticity of all the strange legends. Due attention is paid to the horror felt by all his fellow-citizens when he first burst into notice and bought the house of the ruined Tracy, the merchant prince. The curious pamphlet "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones" is reprinted at the close of the volume. It should be said that the book is most appropriately and beautifully presented with a fine type page and excellent decorations by Mr. Philip Kappel. Perhaps I ought to warn my readers, when I recommend this book as the most delightful which I have seen or expect to see this autumn, that they must a little discount my enthusiasm as a lifelong Dexterian. It was—oh, long ago—a year or two before the Spanish War, that, in company with other antiquarians, I tried to restore some of the

A Selected List of Important Fall Books

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Released for Publication *Oscar King Davis*

A fascinating book of political reminiscences by the Washington correspondent for the New York *Times*, and later secretary of Roosevelt's national committee of 1912. Ready in October. $5.00.

My Education and Religion *George A. Gordon*

A somewhat informal autobiography of one of America's most famous clergymen full of the rich personality of the writer, of humor, and of wisdom. $4.00.

The Great Pacific War *Hector C. Bywater*

A History of the American-Japanese Campaign of 1931-32

A thrilling and detailed account of the course and probable outcome of such a war, written after prolonged study and investigation by the author of "Sea Power in the Pacific." $2.50.

What's O'Clock *Amy Lowell*

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grandeur of the Dexter estate, and for this purpose borrowed an iron statue of a classical lady from the lawn of a neighboring schoolmaster and put it up on one of the high posts of the fence in front of Timothy's house. Perhaps we chose a wrong time for this attempt at restoration, since it was before daybreak on the morning of the Fourth of July. Although the Newburyport "Herald," which used to print Lord Timothy's communications, made sympathetic reference to our effort, the schoolmaster retrieved his iron statue before sunset. Nowadays the Historical Society would have supported us.

E. P.

Fiction

THE CRYSTAL CUP. By Gertrude Atherton. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

Gertrude Atherton has at least two gifts, that of story-telling and that of choosing subjects which interest all of us. In her novel "Black Oxen" the rejuvenation of the elderly heroine gave rise to much speculative interest and amusement. "The Crystal Cup" is a well-told story of the awakening to love of a seemingly sexless heroine, and is equally interesting, if not so amusing. Tragedy of circumstance and environment in Gita Carteret's youth have given her a cold dislike and indifference, if not actual hostility, toward all men, including her husband, whom she has married in name only. When that sorely tried man attempts by gunman methods to attain his conjugal rights, there is a highly melodramatic rough-and-tumble struggle in which he gets the wifely token of a bullet through the shoulder. The love story, thus well started, results in a tangle skillfully worked out to an obvious ending. To offset the highly inhibited and complex heroine are two other women and two men, all fairly simple, and all more or less in love with one another. Gita's flapper friend, Polly, eventually her frank rival for the man they both love, stalks unashamed through the pages; there is an exciting moment when Polly turns potential murderess, with a brand-new weapon. Beside the colorful women of the story, the men seem a trifle pale—Gita's husband, who never could win her, and is himself beloved by a young authoress; and the silent doctor, who finally does win her.

The characters are cleverly drawn, but somehow cold. The only really sympathetic person in the book is the tyrannical but lovable old grandmother Carteret, strong in her pride of the Carteret family and traditions. She is dying when the story opens, and does die before many chapters pass, but her spell lingers. The scene is at the old Carteret Manor, in the Chelsea section of Atlantic City, and, with an occasional glimpse of the more boisterous Board Walk, it makes a charming background. The picture of Gita Carteret's marriage there, done in the manner of a fancy-dress ball, is delightful. Truly, the little rivers that run in and out of the salt marshes of that section of New Jersey are no less twisted and tortuous than the lives of the people in "The Crystal Cup," and fully as interesting.

ROCKING MOON. By Barrett Willoughby. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

An Alaskan blue-fox farm, carried on by an American girl who has lived in the Territory since she was a child, provides an unusual and fascinating subject. Love, romance, and native superstition play their parts in the tale.

Educational

PERSONAL LIBERTY AND OTHER SOCIAL FUNDAMENTALS. By Charles Keen Taylor. Academy Press, Orange, N. J. 75c.

Mr. Taylor, who is well known to Outlook readers as a writer of articles about boy life and boy training, in the nineteen lessons of this course follows the direct-question method; and the questions are not by any means academic or oratorical. He urges the teacher or reader to stop at each question until it has been answered and argued by the class and a conclusion reached. Thus is built up a clear conception of social growth from primitive relations to complex modern society and government. The final answer gives the definition of the all-around citizen as follows: "A good citizen must know the fundamental rules upon which society depends and live up to them, and this includes his acts as a member of the State, of the community, of his family, and as an individual."

The difference between liberty under law and lawless license, between selfishness and co-operation, and between political ignorance and civic training is brought out sharply, concisely, and in plain, every-day English.

THE DECROLY CLASS. By Amélie Hamaïde. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

"The Decroly Class" is a contribution to elementary education. Like the Montessori method, this system of the Belgian educator was first applied to difficult and deficient children. As great success attended in this field, greater success followed with normal children. These young Brussels sprouts grew in a most extraordinary way. Children of six years were able to read by Easter in the first school year. In the same first year they made a match-box village, a miniature brick house and garden,

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studied the silkworm and illustrated it in a clever review chart, and kept observation note-books with their own sketches. In the third year they made a relief map in clay of Brussels and its environs, a model of their schoolroom to scale, and compiled an association note-book on the "Food Supply of the Esquimaux," another on the "Work of our Muscles," and still another on "Man's Work for the Plant World."

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History, Political Economy, and Politics

THE DOMINION OF SEA AND AIR. By Enid Scott Rankin. The Century Company, New York. $2.50.

"The mainspring," says Mrs. Rankin, "for establishing the basis for a permanent world peace may be found in the recognition of the principle that the seas and the air are common heritage; that they are not subject to the sovereign domination of any nation, but that their sovereignty inheres in their own element; that they should be declared a *commonage* inviolate because necessary to the maintenance of existence, communication, and civilization." Mrs. Rankin believes it possible to establish a co-national control of the seas and the air which would place them beyond the power of any nation or group of nations to dominate them, this control to be exercised through the machinery of a constitution, a constitutional assembly, and a superior court; possible because such a control would derive its virtue from a natural principle, namely, that of the commonage of the seas and the air.

As should be expected, Mrs. Rankin's contribution to the science of peace is weak on the practical side; she is guilty of a good deal of irrelevancy, repetition,

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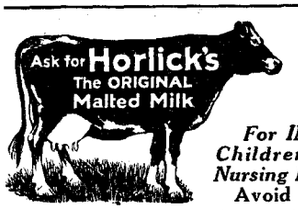

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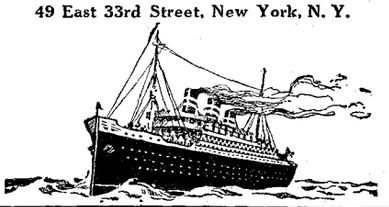

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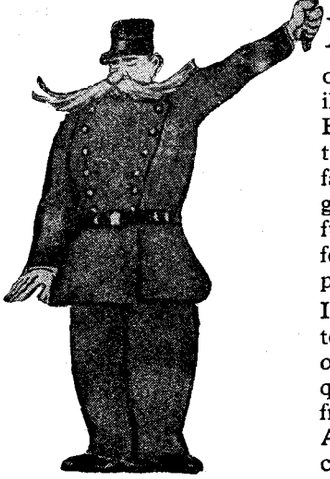

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Miscellaneous

WHY I AM A SPIRITUAL VAGABOND. By Thomas L. Masson. The Century Company, New York. $2.

Mr. Masson, who has been called "the Marcus Aurelius of the Twentieth Century" by the New York "Times," was for twenty-eight years an editor of "Life" and is now an editor of the "Saturday Evening Post." His career as a humorist has not soured him, as Mark Twain was soured, although it seems to have left him with an antipathy to "intellectuals," whom he treats with somewhat disconcerting severity. After all, even an intellectual is one of God's creatures. As a good American, Mr. Masson will admit of no divided allegiance. He does not like international novelists, and he remarks of Henry James that "if he had lived here and done as Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson are doing, he might have escaped entirely being an intellectual and become as great as they are."

His programme of spiritual vagabondage leads away from the cynicism of the intellectual and the dogmatism of the material scientist to "the happiness and peace of the spiritual life, based on a union of patriotism and self-surrender." Mr. Masson writes with simplicity and directness, and his book will probably reach the large audience for whom it is intended.

Notes on New Books

THE WORLD OF THE INCAS. By Otfrid Von Hanstein. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

A history of the Socialistic tendencies discoverable in ancient Peru.

PRACTICAL BUSINESS ENGLISH. By W. L. Mason. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

A text-book on commercial correspondence for high school students.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF REAL ESTATE BOARDS. By Herbert U. Nelson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.

By the Secretary of the National Association of Real Estate Boards.

APPEAL TO AMERICANS: REPUBLIC REFORMS. By Desha Denton. The American Library Service, New York.

Mystical essays on American politics.

SPHINX OF FLIGHT. By Marion Couthouy Smith. Harold Vinal, New York.

Poems collected from American periodicals and newspapers.

FROM PRESIDENT TO PRISON. By Ferdinand A. Ossendowski. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Another of Mr. Ossendowski's remarkable books. This one describes his personal experiences during the Russo-Japanese War and in the revolution of 1905. It seems

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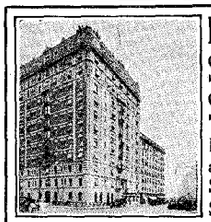

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NURSE-governess, active, intelligent, for boy six, twins three; preferably English. Good recent references. Live Scarsdale, N. Y. 6,373, Outlook.

SALESMEN wanted. $10 daily easy. We start you in auto accessory business. No investment, no experience necessary. Exclusive territory. Motor Products Co., 1760 Lunt Ave., Chicago.

SEAMSTRESS and mother's helper, active and experienced, not a servant, for boy 12 and girl 8, at Summit, N. J.; good wages. Room 163, 40 Wall St., N. Y. Tel. John 4708.

WANTED—Pleasant young woman companion for elderly lady. Light housework duties. 6,377, Outlook.

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WANTED—Well-educated young lady, strictly under thirty-five, Protestant, cheerful, kindly, as resident companion-secretary to an elderly lady, quite deaf, living very quietly in New York. Mending, writing letters to dictation, reading aloud, accompany lady to charitable meetings. Salary $65 and board. Personal interview a necessity. Address, giving particulars of education, experience, and positively two letters of reference as to personal qualifications. 6,375, Outlook.

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HOUSEHOLD manager. I have successfully reared my family of two girls and a boy and have enjoyed wide human and social contacts and activities. I am ready for a position as hostess, companion, housekeeper, or similar occupation where experience and a spirit of helpfulness may benefit mutually. 6,381, Outlook.

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LADY, experienced managing housekeeper, excellent cook, desires position as cook. No general housework. 6,383, Outlook.

LADY with son going to school desires position—housekeeper or position of trust. Willing to make herself generally useful. Experienced, capable, highly recommended. Country or small town. 6,380, Outlook.

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POSITION desired by young American woman as useful companion and household assistant. References. Address 6,387, Outlook.

PRIMARY teacher desires position as governess or companion. Genial, adaptable, good reader, willing to be useful. Small salary. References. Prefer Middle West. 6,391, Outlook.

REFINED, educated woman desires position. Companion to lady, or nurse to semi-invalid. Vicinity Philadelphia. References. Will travel. 6,370, Outlook.

REFINED lady desires position—companion to invalid or manager of home for aged couple. References. 6,388, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, experienced, Protestant, desires position as companion to lady. Write Harriet Howland, New Milford, Conn.

YOUNG woman of refinement, with fourteen years' secretarial experience, desires private secretarial position. 6,378, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

EXPERIENCED tutor, traveled, hospital training, will receive young children in mid-Southern home. Instruction in grade subjects, piano, French. Outdoor games. Competent, tactful assistants. New England management. Address 6,390, Outlook.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

BOYS OF SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE, three such under thirteen years received in small home school near Philadelphia. Moderate rates. References. 6,367, Outlook.

TEACHER in private school wanted as head councilor in well-equipped girls' camp, Maine lake region. Excellent salary. Partnership considered. 6,382, Outlook.

TO a few children, aged 10 to 14, needing outdoor life and plenty of nourishing food a home of culture and refinement is open. Tutoring by college graduate. Address Box 71, Croton Falls, N. Y.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

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that for a time he was "President of the Russian Far Eastern Republic" and "Absolute Ruler over half of the Czar's Empire." Dear, dear, how many things there are going on in this world!

THE AUTUMN TRAIL. By Samuel Minturn Peck. The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Recent poems by a favorite and popular poet. Collected from various newspapers and other publications.

THE CHRYSALIS OF ROMANCE. By Inez G. Howard. The Times Mirror Press, Los Angeles.

Essays by a Californian writer upon a variety of subjects.

THEODORE DREISER. By Burton Rascoe. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $1.

In this monograph Mr. Rascoe defends Theodore Dreiser against his critics. Some critics have found Dreiser too depressing and too much preoccupied with sex. Others merely remark that his novels are dreadfully long, and murmur as they lay one down: "I arise from reams of thee!"

AMERICA AND WORLD PEACE. By Honorable John H. Clarke. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.

The former Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States argues that the United States should join the League of Nations.

THE WEST INDIES. By George Manington. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.

Historical and descriptive chapters on the West Indian islands, with added chapters on British Guiana and British Honduras.

The Mail Bag

Deliberate Distraction

THE editorial "Autocrats of the Highway," in the August 12 Outlook, discusses the really fearful dangers of braving our increasing automobile traffic, and cites the proposition of certain tests for drivers, quoting the statement of Dr. Walter F. Bingham, Chairman of the Committee on Causes of Accidents of the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, to the effect that ninety per cent of all accidents is attributable to certain "prone-to-accident" drivers. The Conference also is said to be responsible for criticism of highway authorities for placing danger signs "where there is no real danger."

Seemingly, the Conference wholly overlooked an increasing and avoidable danger, affecting especially the inattentive or "prone-to-accident" group, apparent to any thoughtful traveler who notes the vast area of billboards on private property facing main-traveled highways. These billboards are erected for no other purpose than that of attracting and fixing the attention of passing motorists by urgent invitations to buy something. There can be no dispute of this statement, for the only basis on which the billboard-erecting concerns can possibly get business is to convince the advertiser that their erections will effectively divert the attention of the automobile operator as well as that of his passengers from the incidents and the dangers of the road, and from the cautionary and informative signs erected to guide the traveler and to reduce the accident hazard.

This point of view has so appealed to the highway authorities of Pennsylvania that they fostered the drafting by the Attorney-General of that State of an act offered in the last session of the Legislature placing all advertising signs and devices visible from any highways maintained in whole or in part by the State under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of Highways, with instructions to license only those that in his judgment did not increase the dangers of the road.

It will be observed by those who resent the increasing exclusion of opportunity to view the scenery of the countryside resulting from this billboard "enterprise" of doubtful and unprovable advertising value that the proposition above described does not rest upon any æsthetic relation. It is clearly in the interest of the public safety, and might well be advocated by the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety.

J. HORACE MCFARLAND.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Leadership and the Rules of the Game

THE very interesting and instructive article in your issue of August 26 does not completely answer the question propounded by its title—"What Ails Prohibition?"

The principal thing that ails prohibition is the demand created by people who can afford to pay $10 a quart. Starting with this demand, we wind up with the carnival of corruption and bribery attending its supply. The potential profit in $10 a quart makes possible the carrying of a large overhead charge for expenses.

It is a self-evident fact that only people of some means can habitually pay $10 a quart. Putting it another way, those who create and sustain this demand are very largely people who are successful in business—whose success and good fortune were made possible and are now protected by the law they coolly and cynically discredit. Any one who has any extensive acquaintance with successful business men knows beyond any doubt where the prominent bootleggers do business.

The men who constitute this market for liquor at $10 a quart are not ignorant of their country's history nor of the consequences of their example. They are educated and enlightened men who know the value of legal protection for their lives and properties. They are quick to demand the protection of the law they openly defy. The issue is far deeper than the effect of alcoholic liquor on the human mind and body. The law is merely a set of rules adopted to enable us to live together with peace and justice. We cannot get along without it, and we cannot elect to discredit a part of it because it interferes with our pleasure without damaging the whole structure. Even a baseball game requires rules that are respected by the players.

The issue cannot be dodged. The heart of the whole problem is this pernicious demand from the very men to whom the Nation has a right to look for intelligent patriotic leadership. The rest of it is as a whiff of summer breeze to the Leviathan.

GEORGE C. HUNT.

Chicago, Illinois.

Triumphant Ices

I DO not know which one of your force is responsible for the article "Ice-Cream" in the August 5 number. I wish to give to the one who wrote it another illustration of how this American delicacy has won its way in the world. I am just back from Japan, and one of the most vivid memories of a Japan summer is of ice-cream. The Japanese children like cold things. Even before I had discarded an overcoat I saw at temple festivals men with blocks of ice, off the bottoms of which were shaved little handfuls of ice shavings at the call of small boys and girls with coppers to spend. And with the advent of summer the streets acquired a new attraction; stalls and hand-carts of ice-cream, with the metal coverings of the cans projecting above the wooden top of the cart, and an array of little dishes for service. Children flocked around them quite as they do on the streets of American cities. At the larger railroad stations the incoming train is greeted by boys selling papers and books, others selling lunches—and good lunches too—bottles of hot tea, and iced coffee. But over the strident voices of the venders rings out "I-scree," and down the platform comes a boy with a box marked in large characters with the nearest approach to "ice-cream" that the Japanese syllabary can furnish. On the box is a pile of cones. They are pink, and they are smaller than those of America; but then the money which is exchanged for them is also less in value. The thing and its name are no longer foreign. They are good Japanese.

IRVING F. WOOD.

Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts.

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